

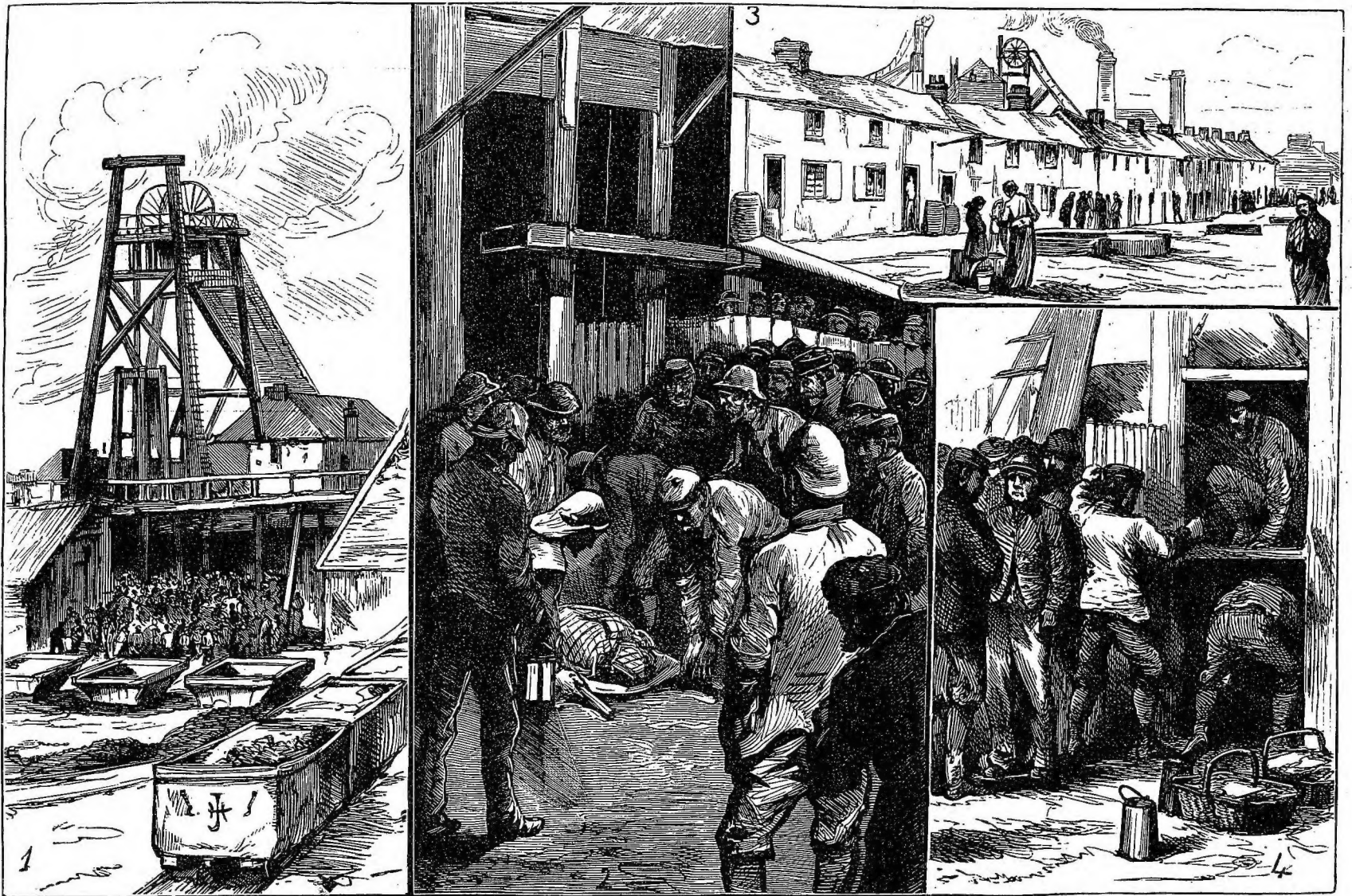
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

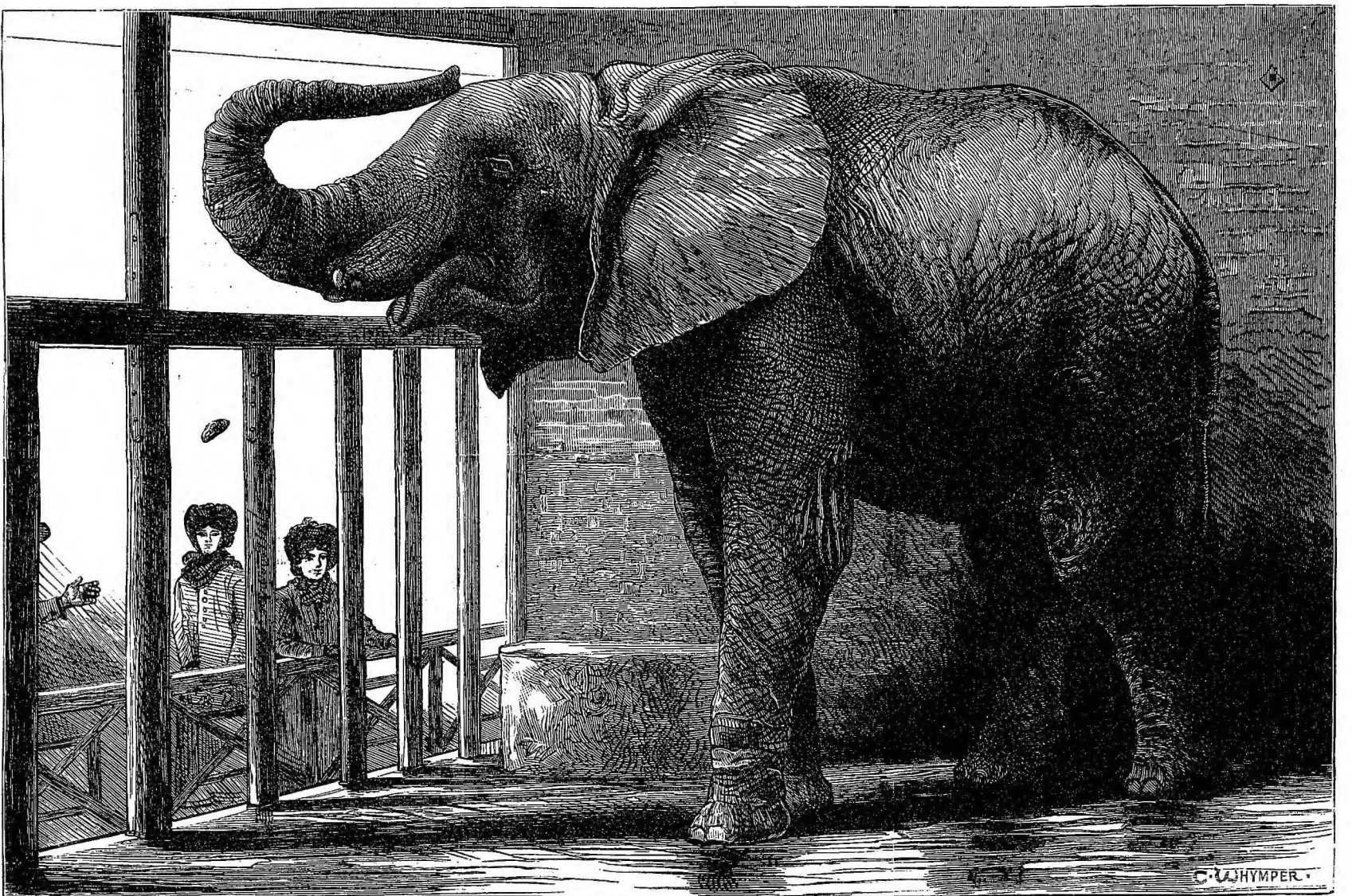
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1882

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
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1. The Gear at the Shaft-mouth.—2. Scene at the Pit-Head : Bringing up the Body of Deputy Thwaites.—3. Office Street.—4. Sending Provisions Down to the Exploring Party.
THE FATAL EXPLOSION AT TRIMDON COLLIERY, DURHAM



"JUMBO," THE BIG AFRICAN ELEPHANT AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, RECENTLY PURCHASED BY MR. BARNUM

Topics of the Week

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE LORDS.—The peers who on Friday week supported Lord Donoughmore's motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the working of the Land Act had probably no conception of the storm which they were about to arouse. Doubtless they thought that if the Government did not accept their resolution they would not absolutely oppose it, that the Committee would sit, and would collect a body of such startling, irrefragable evidence that even John Bull would be awakened from the apathetic weariness with which he is too apt to regard Irish agrarian difficulties, and would realise that the Land Act simply spells ruin for the Irish landowner. Lord Donoughmore and his friends, however, might have remembered how sensitive Mr. Gladstone is on this subject. Touch the Land Act, and he becomes like a lioness in danger of losing her pet cub. Why is it that Mr. Parnell is at this moment languishing in prison? Not for talking treason, nor for egging on hot-headed, ignorant men to commit deeds of violence, but because he dared to try and take the working of the Land Act under his own control. And so on Monday evening, when it was Mr. Gladstone's obvious interest to keep everybody as good-tempered as possible in anticipation of the Rules of Procedure discussion, he began by brandishing a dagger, and threatening the Lords. He will have none of their Select Committees. The Land Act must be left alone. To tamper with it at the present time would be to breed a revolution in Ireland. The Radical party throughout the country applauds Mr. Gladstone's challenge, and so, unless the Lords abandon their intention, there is risk of a serious conflict between the two branches of the Legislature, which at the best are never really friendly when, as at present, Whigs and Radicals preponderate in the Lower Chamber. Then the Lords are charged with acting in this matter not only rashly (as being the weaker party, who must ultimately go to the wall) but inconsistently. "If you thought so badly of the Land Bill," it is said, "why did you not throw it out last year? Instead of this, you passed it, and now, like children with their flowers, you want to dig it up by the roots to see how it is growing." In answer to this accusation, it may be replied on behalf of the Irish landowners, and their advocates in the House of Lords, that the Government last Session, in order to disarm opposition, represented the Land Act as a far less revolutionary measure than it has proved to be in actual fact. It was asserted that it would only affect a rack-renting minority, and that good landlords would not suffer at all. Instead of this, they all, good and bad alike, find themselves sliding down an inclined plane, which leads almost inevitably towards the abyss of No Rent whatever. The Land Act is just one of those measures which could not be tested until it was at work, and it does not seem a very unreasonable demand that an authoritative inquiry into the method of its working should be granted on behalf of persons vitally interested. But if Mr. Gladstone can persuade Radicalism that this proposed inquiry is a monstrous piece of insolence, the chances are that Radicalism will triumph, and that the Select Committee will have to vanish into the limbo of things that might have been.

MR. BRADLAUGH.—Whatever may be Mr. Bradlaugh's defects, he certainly cannot be charged with a lack of ingenuity in the maintenance of what he considers his rights. Again and again he has taken the House of Commons by surprise, and on Tuesday he surpassed all his previous achievements in this direction. That he has (to say the least) shown execrable taste, many even of those who support his general contention are prepared to concede; and if expulsion had been a real punishment, hardly anybody would have considered it too severe for his offence. But the House itself is by no means free from blame for the ridiculous scenes which have brought it into discredit. The majority peremptorily refused to let Mr. Bradlaugh take the oath in the usual way, and they may have been right in deciding as they did. But surely they were bound to proceed next to the consideration of the question whether the law might not be so altered as to permit the admission of a properly elected representative without the oath. The Government must bear the responsibility for not having at least promised to raise this issue on the first suitable opportunity. Had Mr. Gladstone expressed his willingness to deal with the difficulty by legislation, the chances are that Mr. Bradlaugh would have waited, and so the House of Commons would have been spared the series of humiliations which it so bitterly resents. It is not easy to understand the Prime Minister's reasons for not adopting this plain and straightforward solution. That he does not personally object to the presence of an Atheist in Parliament, he has proved by the persistence with which he has defended Mr. Bradlaugh's right to go through the customary form. On the other hand, we do not see how he can be said to be afraid of the Evangelicals and the Dissenters, since those of them who are opposed to the right of affirmation are equally opposed to the course Mr. Gladstone has hitherto pursued. Whatever may have been his motives, it is to be hoped, that he will now see the necessity of adopting the plan which ought to have been adopted in the first Session of the present Parliament. Until

the right of affirmation is granted, the House of Commons can have no guarantee against the repetition of such disagreeable scenes as those with which Mr. Bradlaugh has so effectually associated his name.

THE NEW RULES OF DEBATE.—Such is the fickleness of human nature that this subject, which was regarded a few days ago as of all-absorbing importance, has already, in point of interest, receded into the background. The fact is that this has been, in the House of Commons, a week of surprises. First, came the Premier's declaration of war against the Upper House. The Leader of the Opposition promptly accepted the challenge, and unless meanwhile the Parliamentary hunt finds some more attractive object of pursuit, next Monday will see everybody, Tories, Whigs, Radicals, and Home Rulers, dashing along full pelt after that strongly-scented fox, the Irish Land Act. Then came the Bradlaugh incident, highly dramatic and very exciting. By the side of these formidable rivals, the charms of Miss Clôture naturally fail to attract. Meanwhile, setting aside the disturbing incident by which it was preceded, it may fairly be said that Mr. Gladstone's speech on the New Rules on Monday night was fully equal to general expectation. The case for a reform in the regulations of the House was put moderately yet effectively, and the concession from the original proposal, namely, that when the minority is less than forty the majority must be, more than one hundred, ought to calm the fears of those who professed to apprehend that victories of a highly-important and durable character might be snatched in a thin House. But pending the adoption of these Rules, or some modification of them, would it not be possible for those speakers whom the House listens to with pleasure, to set the example of delivering shorter speeches? Mr. Gladstone's address, for example, on this occasion, might have been summarised, without injury to its arguments, into one-third of its original space, or even less. In fact, such summaries are compiled every day by the newspapers, and most readers find these summaries quite enough for their powers of digestion. And if we entreat the favourite speakers to cultivate a brevity to which they are unaccustomed, what shall we say of the rank and file, whose speeches are probably regarded by those who hear them as rather tedious than otherwise? Why, we recommend these worthy but prosy gentlemen, instead of reiterating thrice-repeated arguments, to imitate the example of that immortal M.P. of the last century, who deserves to have a statue on the floor of the House, with his famous utterance inscribed on the pedestal as a wholesome admonition to all future speakers: "I say ditto to Mr. Burke."

THE ANGLO-FRENCH TREATY OF COMMERCE.—It may now be assumed that we are not to have a new treaty of commerce with the French. Many supporters of Mr. Gladstone's Government affect to think that this is "of no consequence;" but it is difficult to believe that the Government themselves take the same view. If they are absolutely indifferent in the matter, why should they have made such strenuous exertions to overcome French objections to their proposals? The truth is that the failure of the negotiations must have an injurious effect on some branches of English commerce. The increased price of our manufactures will at least tend to discourage the growth of our trade with France, and we may be well pleased if it does not do much more than this. A considerable number of our French customers are pretty sure to do without our goods rather than submit to the higher cost which will be rendered inevitable by a more stringent tariff; and it does not follow that we shall soon find fresh markets to make up for our losses. In these bad times the prospect is unpleasant, but we must accept it as one of the necessary consequences of our Free Trade policy. The French people are not, and never have been, Free Traders in principle. The expiring treaty was due to the personal influence of the Emperor Napoleon, who either agreed with Mr. Cobden's doctrines or deemed it expedient to act as if he agreed with them. Since the French are Protectionists, we cannot fairly expect them to open their markets to us unless we have some means of recompensing them for the sacrifice. This we do not possess, and they are aware that we cannot even punish them for their exclusiveness. We may, it is true, lower the duties on Spanish and other wines; but French vineyard owners have no fear that the trade in claret and burgundy will be much affected by competition. While we maintain Free Trade we must be content to fight in the best way we can, without the advantage of commercial treaties, against hostile tariffs.

TUNNELS AND CANALS.—Our forefathers would have been fairly astounded at the coolness with which our modern engineers remove the obstacles interposed by Nature between various nations. Early in the century it was deemed a mighty feat to carry a road over the frozen Alps, but now in several places holes have been bored through the vast bodies of these snow-clad giants, and so France and Switzerland can run over to Italy for a visit without change of carriage. Africa has been transformed into an island, and if North and South America are not ere long parted from each other by a narrow but navigable strip of water, the failure will be due to international jealousies rather than to insurmountable engineering difficulties. Then there are the rival schemes for burrowing under the bed of the Straits of Dover, and so practically re-annexing Great Britain to that Continent to which, in some remote geological epoch, it was doubtless

attached. Judging from the success of the experimental borings, the scheme appears feasible, the Government has announced that it is not opposed in principle to such an undertaking, and therefore there seems to be a fair prospect that before many years travellers may pass between London and Paris without quitting the railway carriage in which they started, and without the risk of sea-sickness. We should, however, pay very dearly for immunity from sea-sickness if at the same time we were to forfeit our insular advantages, and become more accessible than we are at present to a hostile invader. Of course, the promoters of the Tunnel laugh at this idea as a mere bugbear, but when military men of high reputation deliberately declare that the construction of the Tunnel involves a specific danger of this sort, the matter deserves careful pondering. Our own opinion is that an invading army would not easily get through the Tunnel unless they had already a strong body of well-wishers on the Kentish coast, and, if this were the case, an invasion by sea would not be so difficult to manage. The proposed ship canal between Bordeaux and the Mediterranean is a matter far less open to objection. England will, it may be granted, be no longer the exclusive holder of the keys of the Mediterranean, but, on the other hand, France has a perfect right to cut a waterway through her own territory, and if the proprietors of the canal determine to charge moderate rates, and avoid the vexatious delays which are making the Suez Canal a byword, they may attract much of the Mediterranean traffic which now passes round the stormy capes of Spain and Portugal.

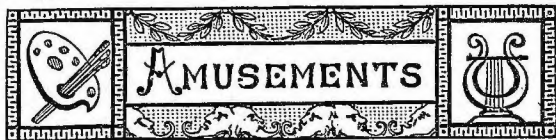
GENERAL SKOBELEFF.—There is no reason to doubt that the original reports of the speech addressed by General Skobelev to the Servian students in Paris were very much exaggerated. No sane man in his position, whatever may have been the ardour of his patriotic sentiments, could have spoken with so much fury of States with which his country is nominally on friendly terms. At the same time, it is not disputed that General Skobelev manifested bitter hostility towards Austria and Germany; and we cannot be surprised that his speech, even when stripped of its most extravagant passages, has been severely condemned by the newspapers of Vienna and Berlin. Nobody supposed that his warlike temper is shared by the Czar or by the more prudent of the Czar's counsellors; but the most prominent fact in recent Russian history is that the Sovereign has ceased to represent the sentiments of large bodies of his subjects. General Skobelev has behind him the whole of the enthusiastic party which has adopted the Panslavist "idea," and that party has the power, as was proved by the last Russo-Turkish War, of enforcing its will in great emergencies in opposition to the wishes of those who are supposed to be "the ruling classes." The most authoritative representative of the Panslavists has now let the Central European Powers know what he and his associates intend to do when a good opportunity offers; and the immediate result must necessarily be that Austria and Germany will draw closer the bonds by which they are at present united. Unfortunately, the leaders of the insurrection in Herzegovina are certain to be encouraged by the General's fiery utterances. Official denials and warnings will not persuade them that Russia has no intention of coming to their aid. Austria, we must hope, will soon succeed in reasserting her authority, for in the present temper of the Panslavists a little delay might lead to a fresh crusade like that which stirred all the late troubles in South-Eastern Europe. The first step would be taken, of course, by volunteers, but volunteers might create an agitation which would force the Russian Government to intervene, whether it liked the idea of intervention or not.

CABMEN.—The Duke of Edinburgh, at the dinner the other day, perhaps advocated the claims of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association quite as effectively by the quotation of a series of passionless statistics, as if he had indulged in a strain of rhetoric. But, as we have touched on this phase of the subject elsewhere, we prefer here to say a few words on cabmen in their relation to the public. In most trades the maxim *caveat emptor* is strictly acted upon, but as regards hackney-carriage drivers minute regulations are made to prevent them from fleecing the public. The problem is not an easy one to solve, but altogether we are inclined to think that both cabdrivers and public would be better off if they were left to settle their own bargains among themselves. There is a close-fisted minority who refuse to pay "cabby" more than his precise legal fare, and the result is that "cabby" levies an additional tax on the easy-going or ignorant majority. It seems manifestly unjust to compel men to let their cabs for hire at an unyielding uniform rate, without regard to the weather, the quality of the horse and vehicle, the state of the roads, or the distance the driver may have to return empty. Practically, the majority of hirers do make allowances for these matters, but before a decision is arrived at much grumbling and ill-feeling are often evoked. Numbers of persons avoid using cabs oftener than they can possibly help because they hate a row, and yet object to paying a manifestly exorbitant fare. For our own part, we would retain the present system of licensing, making it, indeed, more rigorous than at present, so that no man of doubtful character and no horse of doubtful *physique* should appear in the streets in connexion with a cab. But having done so much as this for the protection of the public, we would for a twelvemonth try the experiment of complete Free Trade. If it proved intolerable, we could but return to the

present system, or some modification of it, but we believe that if all these vexatious police interferences were abolished, private enterprise would soon introduce all kinds of improvements. Four-wheeled cabs have, we note, diminished in numbers, while hansoms have increased, and we believe that, under Free Trade, the public would be better served, and that there would be fewer "growlers" among the drivers, as well as among their vehicles.

PARLIAMENT AND ECONOMY.—In the debate on local taxation the other day, Mr. Sclater-Booth expressed the sensible opinion that the best way of relieving taxpayers would be to effect "a general reduction of the expenses of the country." If that were done, the Government would have new funds at its disposal, and be able to grant relief to particular classes without imposing additional burdens on the community. In his reply, Mr. Gladstone did not encourage the hope that Mr. Sclater-Booth's method would be practicable. Formerly the House of Commons maintained a rigid control over expenditure; it regarded with jealousy every proposal which involved fresh taxation. Now, as the Prime Minister pointed out, we have to deal with an entirely different state of things. The House of Commons does not directly demand increased expenditure, but it demands the execution of schemes which make increased expenditure unavoidable. The change is one of the results of the remarkable transformation of opinion which has taken place regarding the true functions of the State. The majority of Englishmen no longer believe that the activity of the State should be confined within as strict limits as possible. Every plan for the public good which cannot be undertaken immediately by private enterprise ought, they seem to think, to be undertaken by the central authorities; and they are not at all careful to consider whether, if they waited a little, the work might not be better done in other ways. As long as this mood lasts we need not hope for retrenchment, or even for the manifestation of a fairly thrifty spirit. Perhaps, when the whole system of local administration has been reformed, we may see a gradual return to economical methods. If charges which are now imposed by Parliament were imposed by local bodies, the inhabitants of each district might be expected to resist extravagance by which their own interests would be directly and obviously affected.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled, "WINTER LIFE IN CANADA—A SKATING CARNIVAL AT OTTAWA."—The Half Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 188 and 197.



LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. Every Night at half-past eight, James Albery's TWO ROSES. Mr. Digby Grant, Mr. Irving, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. David James, Messrs. Howe, Terris, G. Alexander, Misses Emery, H. Matthews, Fancourt, Miss Ewell. At 7.30, "THE CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH," Messrs. Terris, Andrews, Carter, Misses I. Payne and H. Matthews. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open to till 5. Seats booked by letter or telegram.

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Tuesday, February 28, TANNHAUSER; Wednesday, March 1, TROVATORE (Only Time); Thursday, March 2, TANNHAUSER; Friday, March 3, MIGNON (Last Time); Saturday, March 4, at 8, RIENZI; at 8, MARITANA (Last Time).

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MR. WALTER BACHE'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, March 2, at 8.30. Franz Liszt. A Faust Symphony (Faust, Gretchen, Mephistopheles), Der Tanz in der Dorfschenke (Mephisto Walzer), Episode from Lenu's Faust. Orchestra of 81 Performers, Mr. Ben Davies (of the Carl Rosa Opera), Chorus of 80 Voices (Tenors and Basses). Conductor, Mr. Walter Bache. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

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MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place.—Monday, Feb. 27, Last Time of "AGES AGO," "OUT OF TOWN," by Mr. Corney Grain, and "NO. 204." Tuesday, Feb. 28, first time of "THE HEAD OF THE POOL," a new Entertainment in two parts, by Arthur Law, Music by Eaton Fanning, and a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "NOT AT HOME."

WILL CLOSE ON 4th MARCH.—THE SIXTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS. Open from 10 till 6. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d. Gallery 53, Pall Mall. H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

WORKS BY THE LATE JOHN LINNELL.—A LOAN COLLECTION OF CHOICE PICTURES by this Master is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERY, 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission One Shilling. The proceeds for the Benefit of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—OLD MASTERS' EXHIBITION now OPEN from 9 to 6.30. Will CLOSE March 11. Lighted at dusk with the Electric Light.

GROSVENOR GALLERY WINTER EXHIBITION.—The Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery NOW OPEN from 10 till 6, with a collection of watercolour drawings, and a complete collection of the works of G. F. Watts, R.A., forming the first of a series of annual winter exhibitions, illustrating the works of the most eminent living painters. Admission One Shilling. Season Tickets, 5s.

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THIS DAY, SATURDAY, FEB. 25. FIRST PERIODICAL SALE OF PICTURES AND DRAWINGS ENGRAVED IN "THE GRAPHIC."

MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and WOODS respectfully give notice that they will SELL, by AUCTION, at their Great Rooms, King Street, St. James's Square, on SATURDAY, Feb. 25, at 1 precisely, a choice COLLECTION OF MODERN PICTURES, Water-Colour Drawings, and Drawings in Black and White, the property of the Proprietors of *The Graphic*, including "Little Mrs. Gamp," a charming work of J. E. Millais, R.A.; "Types of Beauty," by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.; L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.; G. D. Leslie, R.A.; G. A. Storey, A.R.A.; P. A. Cot, J. J. Tissot, J. Goupi, P. Baudry, and H. Levy; also "Out of Reach," by P. H. Calderon, R.A.; "Stirring the Christmas Pudding," by H. Woods, A.R.A.; "Hide and Seek," by Britton Riviere, R.A.; "The Minute," by G. A. Storey, A.R.A.; "In the Lap of Luxury," by Heywood Hardy; "An Early Settlement will Oblige," by Watson Nicol. The Drawings comprise works of—
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S. I. Fildes, A.R.A. H. Herkomer, A.R.A. E. K. Johnson L. Rossi
C. E. Fripp J. E. Hodgson, R.A. A. Marie W. Small
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A Pullman Drawing Room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 2.30 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 13s., available by these Trains only.

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THE TRIMDON COLLIERY EXPLOSION

THE terrible explosion which took place at the Trimdon Colliery, midway between Durham and West Hartlepool, is one of the most disastrous that has ever befallen the Durham miners; no fewer than 73 out of the 130 men who were in the pit at the time having lost their lives through the occurrence, the cause of which is not yet positively known, though there is an ugly statement to the effect that some of the men used unsafe "midges" instead of Davy lamps. One effect of the explosion was to damage the lifting gear in the low main shaft, so that the cage became jammed, thus blocking the shaft about 100 feet from the bottom. The work of exploration was thus unavoidably delayed, but notwithstanding this several men and lads were rescued alive. The greater number, however, could not be reached at once on account of the passages being blocked in various places by heavy falls of coal, whilst the accumulation of foul gas also greatly interfered with the operations of the brave fellows who risked their own lives on the chance of saving some of their comrades. The work was carried on night and day until Sunday, when all the bodies had been brought up and interred, the funerals being attended by immense crowds of people who had flocked to the scene of the disaster. A curious fact in connection with the fatality is that there was an old long-forgotten passage or "working," leading from the Trimdon pit to the Kelloe colliery, some two miles distant, and that the after-damp travelled along this passage and killed six persons in that pit. Separate inquests have therefore been opened in the two districts.—Our engravings, which need no special description, are from sketches by Mr. Robert Jobling.

JUMBO, THE BIG AFRICAN ELEPHANT AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

THERE is great lamentation in juvenile circles just now, for Jumbo, the large African elephant at the Zoological Gardens, has been sold to the great American showman, Barnum, who intends to take him on a starring tour through the United States. It will be difficult to understand the Zoo without Jumbo and his cargo of merry children, ranging from the tiny tot of two, more than half afraid of the unwieldy monster, and only quieted by the care of the keeper, who seemed to be as skilful in managing children as in controlling his huge steed, to the bold youngster of six, with whom Jumbo was a familiar friend, or the sedate damsel of thirteen, who mounts more for the sake of old times than for the actual enjoyment of the ride. Jumbo was an universal favourite, and as gentle with children as the best-trained poodle dog, taking the proffered biscuit or lump of sugar with an almost incredible delicacy of touch, so that the most nervous child, having once overcome his alarm, never hesitated to hand a morsel to the waving trunk a second time. Jumbo, however, when in his house displayed a very uncertain temper at times, and this has induced the Society to part with him. Mr. P. L. Slater, the Secretary, in a letter to *The Times*, states that for some time past Jumbo has been a source of anxiety, as elephants after a certain age are liable to periodical fits of excitement. Under such circumstances the risk of an outbreak on the part of so huge and powerful an animal in the much-frequented gardens of the Society is one which should be not lightly run. In Messrs. Barnum's establishment, where twenty elephants are kept, an animal can be withdrawn and placed in seclusion, for which there is no adequate provision in the Zoological Gardens. The price offered was 2,000l., and Mr. Barnum agreed to take all risks of removal. Mr. Barnum, however, had reckoned without asking Jumbo, who, up to the time we are writing, has firmly declined to consent to the arrangements, and has resisted all the blandishments of Scott, his favourite keeper, who has been told off to accompany him throughout the voyage. Saturday last had been fixed for his removal to the docks, and chains having been passed round his legs and body Jumbo soon felt that something was wrong, and gave vent

to loud trumpetings of dismay and anger, while vigorously trying to free himself. The other elephants hearing his cries joined in chorus, and the female, Alice, or, as she is called, Jumbo's "little wife," was almost beside herself with anxiety. By and by, however, Jumbo calmed down, and Scott and the well-known American expert, Mr. William Newman, otherwise known as "Elephant Bill," who had been sent to superintend the removal, attempted to induce him to enter the box on wheels, in which he was to be conveyed to the dock. This, however, he absolutely refused to do, and finally he was left quiet for the night. Next day it was decided to attempt to lead him through the streets. Jumbo walked calmly enough to the entrance, but then, feeling a different soil under his feet, became once more alarmed, and refused to proceed further. "Then ensued," states a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, "one of the most pathetic scenes in which a dumb animal was ever the chief actor. The poor brute moaned sadly, and appealed in all but human words to his keeper, embracing the man with his trunk, and actually kneeling before him. Jumbo's cries were soon heard by his 'little wife,' who quickly responded with loud trumpetings, at the sound of which Jumbo became frantic, and flung himself down on his side." It now became evident that he could not be induced to march through the streets, and so Scott, to his great joy, led him back to his house, where Alice received him with gambols and great glee. Jumbo will now be left in peace for a fortnight, the large box on wheels being placed at the entrance of his house, so that he will be compelled to pass through it, and in this manner will become accustomed to its appearance. A number of letters from children and from Fellows of the Zoological Society have appeared in the papers, urging the repurchase of poor Jumbo, but it is stated that Mr. Barnum on Monday telegraphed "Elephant to be shipped as soon as possible, spare no expense."

Jumbo is now twenty-one years old, having come to the Gardens from Paris at the age of five, in exchange for some other animals, and then was about the size of a Shetland pony. He is now over eleven feet high, and is the largest elephant in Europe, and, according to the testimony of African travellers, is a giant even amongst African elephants, who rarely exceed the height of ten feet. Mr. Bartlett, *Land and Water* tells us, attributes this rapid and remarkable life to the good feeding, the careful housing, and constant grooming and attention which has been accorded to him during his stay in the Gardens. He will travel across the Atlantic in one of the Monarch line steamers, those vessels having long and wide hatchways—an important consideration in the transport of an animal of so large a size.

GENERAL GEORGE MACDONALD

THE honour of being Father of the British Army is claimed for General George Macdonald, Colonel of the Bedfordshire Regiment, who was born on the 16th of October, 1784, and has, therefore, reached the patriarchal age of ninety-seven years and four months. His entry into the service was in September, 1805, when he was gazetted to an ensigncy in the old 27th Inniskillings, accompanying his regiment almost immediately on the profitless expedition to Hanover. In the following year he joined the army in Sicily, and was employed with it in its various operations until 1810, when he went with the expedition to Naples, and was present at the capture of Ischia and Procida. He then returned to Sicily, and was employed against the French in 1811. In 1812 he was employed in Spain, and was at the battle of Castalla and the siege of Tarragona. In 1814 he embarked for Canada, and was present at the operations before Pittsburg, returning to Europe in time for the campaign of 1815, and the crowning triumph of Waterloo, where he was three times wounded, viz., in the leg, in the neck, and through the lungs. General Macdonald served also for many years in Ceylon and in India, and was Governor of the Island of Dominica and of Sierra Leone.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Walter Bradnee, 36, Fleet Street, Torquay.

MR. WILLIAM MILLER

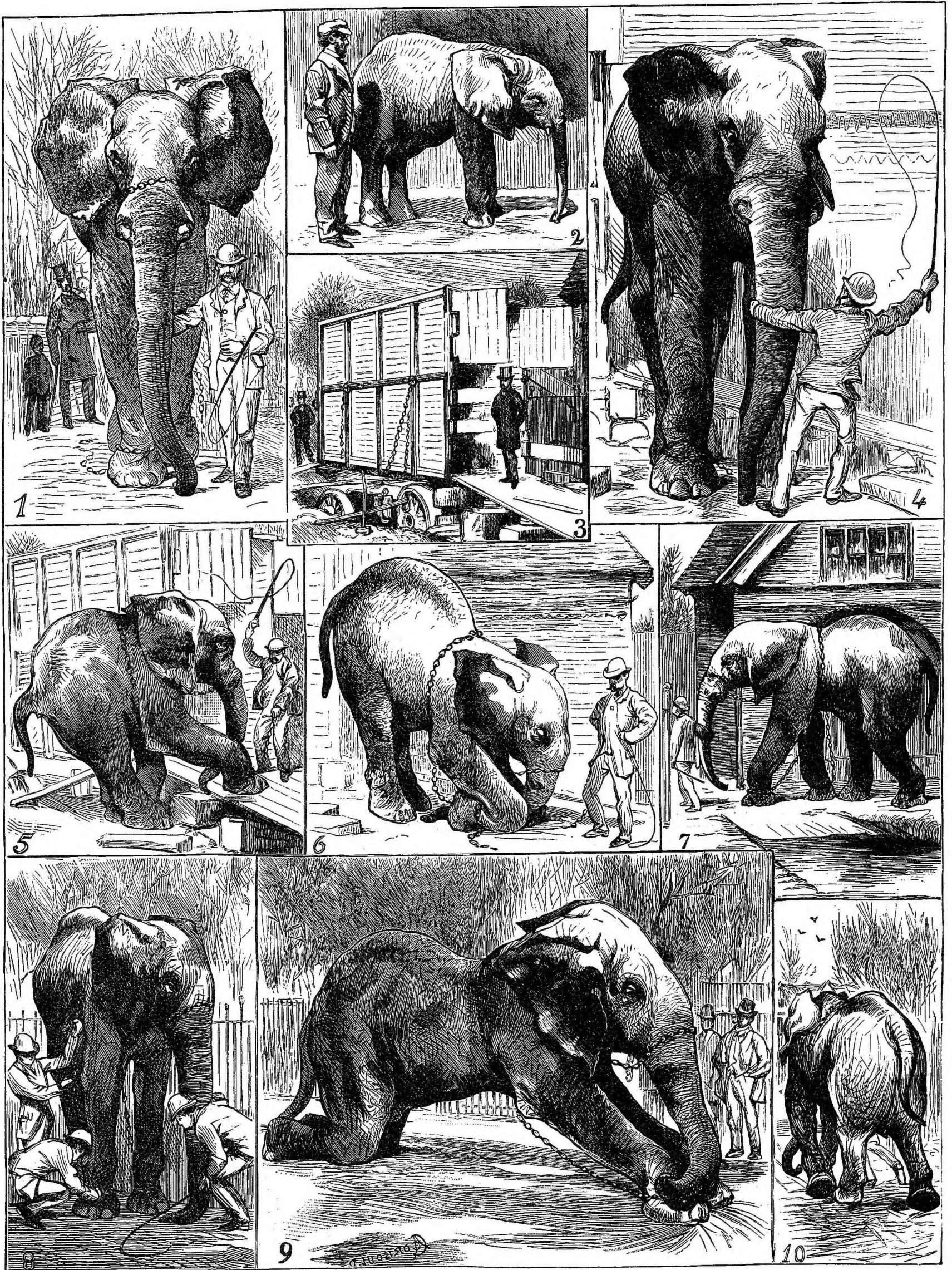
THIS famous engraver, who died on the 20th ult. while on a visit to Sheffield, was in his eighty-sixth year, having been born at Edinburgh on the 28th May, 1796. In youth he displayed a taste for Art, and after studying in London under the celebrated engraver, Mr. G. Cooke, he returned to his native place, and soon acquired a reputation as a line-engraver, being specially noted for his reproductions in black-and-white of the works of J. M. W. Turner, R.A. He also executed a large number of illustrations for Turner's "England and Wales;" and for the works of Scott, Campbell, Rogers, and others. The greater part of his work was of course done at a period already remote, but within the last ten years he executed a series of vignette illustrations from Birket Foster for Hood's Poems. Turner always held Mr. Miller's engravings in the highest esteem, and Ruskin has said that on the whole he was the best engraver after that great artist. Writing in "Ariadne Florentina," of the frontispiece to Rogers's Poems, Ruskin says that the first vignette of the garden, with the cut hedges and fountain, is so consummate in its use of every possible artifice of delicate line, that he thinks it cannot but with some of its companions survive the refuse of its school and become classic. Mr. Miller, who lived chiefly in Edinburgh, was a member of the Society of Friends, and amidst a large circle of acquaintances was no less loved for his genial and kindly disposition, than admired for his artistic talents. He was twice married, and leaves a widow, a son, and three daughters.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. G. Tunny, 13, Maitland Street, Edinburgh.

MAJOR SIR WILLIAM PALLISER, C.B., M.P.

SIR WILLIAM PALLISER, the great artilleryist, who died very suddenly from heart-disease, at the early age of fifty-two, was the youngest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Colonel Wray Palliser, of the Waterford Militia. He was born in Dublin in 1830, educated successively at Rugby, at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and, finally passing through the Staff College at Sandhurst, entered the Rifle Brigade in 1855, and was transferred to the 18th Hussars in 1858. In 1871 he retired by the sale of his commission, and at the general election of 1880 was returned to Parliament as Member for Taunton. He was a Conservative in politics; but in the House of Commons his chief attention was given to the scientific matters on which he was an acknowledged authority. Sir William Palliser was well known through the many ingenious inventions and improvements in guns, projectiles, and defensive armour which are connected with his name. His scientific services secured him the Companionship of the Bath in 1868, and the honour of Knighthood in 1873. In 1874 he received an official acknowledgment from the Lords of the Admiralty of the efficiency of his armour bolts for ironclad ships, and in 1875 the King of Italy conferred upon him the Cross of Commander of the Crown of Italy.—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. M. Crockett, 52, East Street, Taunton.

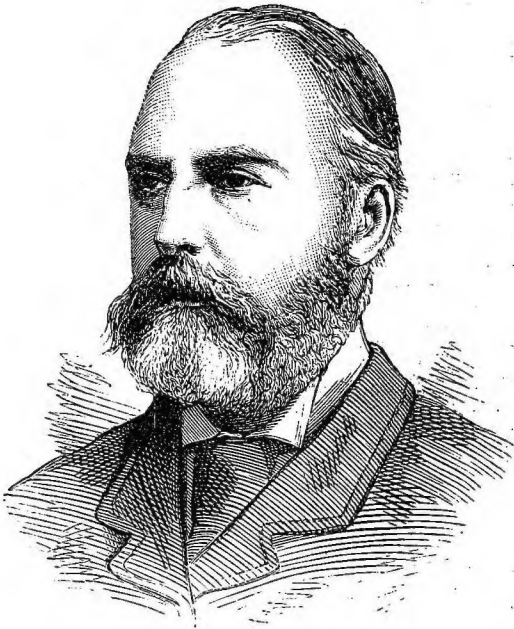
THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY'S BALL

THIS entertainment took place at the Armoury of this ancient corps on the evening of Friday, the 17th inst. The Prince and Princess of Wales, who arrived about 11 P.M., were received by the Duke of Portland, the Lieut.-Colonel of the regiment, and sundry other gentlemen. The Duke of Cambridge, Princess Mary (Duchess of Teck), and the Duke of Teck had arrived shortly before, and the Royal party proceeded at once to the ball-room, where a quadrille set was formed, the Princess of Wales dancing with the Duke of Portland, the Prince of Wales with the Baroness Bolsover, and the Duchess of Teck with Colonel Sir R. J. Loyd-Lindsay. The Princess of Wales wore a pale lavender-grey silk, with a demi-train,

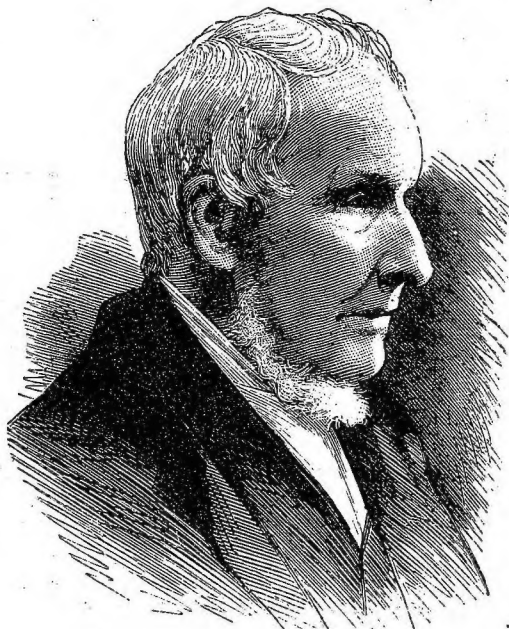


1. "Jumbo" *En Route* from his House to his Box.—2. "Jumbo" as a Youngster.—3. "The Box."—4. "Jumbo" Doesn't seem to See It: Scott *log.*: "Come Over."—5. A Good Beginning, but that's all.—6. An Appeal.—7. To all appearances "Jumbo's" Last Exit from his own Grounds, Sunday Morning, 6.15 A.M., Feb. 19.—8. Overhauling the "Bracelets" before Leaving the Gardens.—9. "Jumbo" Declines to Move: Scene Outside the Gardens.—10. "Jumbo" Wins: The Return to His Loved Quarters.

THE ATTEMPTED REMOVAL OF "JUMBO" FROM THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS



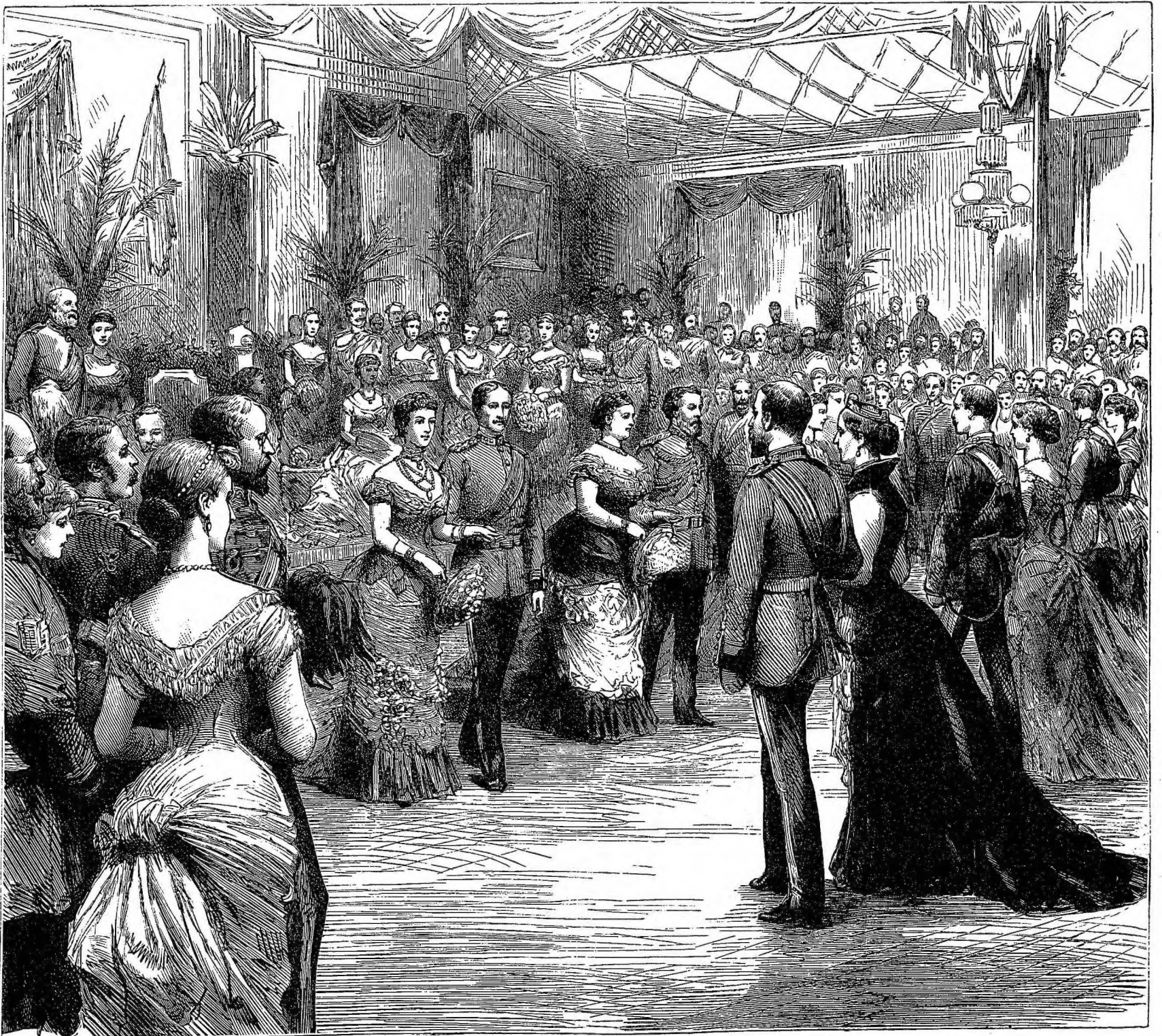
MAJOR SIR WILLIAM PALLISER, C.B., M.P. (ARTILLERIST)
Died Jan. 4, Aged 51



WILLIAM MILLER (LINE ENGRAVER)
Died Jan. 20, Aged 85



GENERAL GEORGE MACDONALD
The "Father" of the British Army



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY'S BALL—THE OPENING QUADRILLE

trimmed with tulle and lace, sown with pearls and trimmed with frosted silver. Her Royal Highness wore diamonds and pearls for ornaments. The scene was extremely bright and animated; the scarlet and gold uniforms of the "Regulars" present, the red uniforms of the battalion, and the dark blue tunics of the Artillery divisions of the corps lending more than the usual variety of colour characteristic of a military ball. The interior of the ball room was draped in white and gold, with a frieze of red and white. Supper was served in the drill-shed. No toasts were given, and directly after supper the Royal party returned to the ball-room, and recommenced dancing till an early hour on Saturday morning.

NOTES AT THE WATERLOO COURSING MEETING

ELSEWHERE we have given some account, both in prose and poetry, of the doings at the "Dog Derby," so here we will merely describe our sketches.

"Swells."—Here we have a favourite hound travelling down by train in the carriage with its master. The dogs are in some cases most elaborately clothed.

"How the Game is Found."—The beaters drive in the hares from the surrounding fields and coverts. The hares were very plentiful. Some were so dismayed that they sat up regarding their foes quite helplessly.

"A Swim for It."—A hare was in a state of great fear, and dashing through the crowd which stood on the bank of the stream, could not retreat, and, terror-stricken by the yells of (in)humanity, it plunged into the water, and made for the opposite bank.

"Rushing on Fate."—The man behind the shelter hurdle is holding in a brace of dogs while the hare is driven in.

"Penny Toll."—When a move is made to fresh ground, several ditches have to be crossed. Some of these are a wider jump than most people care for. Some enterprising speculators reaped a harvest of coppers by bridging the abyss with a plank, which they carried about for the purpose, charging a penny a head for the convenience.

"No Go."—After being slipped on a hare the dogs start a second hare, and, separating, each pursues his own quarry. In such cases the event is generally drawn.

"The Victims."—The man who carries off the dead hares is dressed in a leathern coat or double apron. He carries the spoils of the chase on a curved or bent rod.

"Got Away."—The greyhound is pulling up while in pursuit. The hare has made for cover, into which the dogs will seldom follow.

"Taking Home the News."—Pigeons are let go by members of the crowd to carry home the story of the running.

"A Kill."—This "kill" took place in the first round.

The central drawing, entitled "The First Round," shows the ground on the first day when the first round of competitions was held. The country was low-lying, flat, and open, with ditches and dykes, altogether of a Dutch-like character. There were long, winding roads, and isolated cottages. The day was beautiful, though it began with a hailstorm. The noble army of book-makers was in force, their yells only exceeded in effect by their costumes. Welshers, too, were more numerous than ever before, and there were frequent cases of mobbing and brutal assaults. In our drawing the man is running up the hounds in the slips ready to let them go as soon as the hare has got enough "law." The judge rides after them at a short distance. Beyond is the shelter-hurdle, behind which the man has been crouching with the dogs while the hare is driven on to them. Down stream float the numberless empty spirit flasks which the thousands of spectators standing on the dyke have drained of their contents. These empty bottles were quite a special feature. On the right is a human skull which our artist saw on the top of one of the bookmakers' flag-poles.

So much for this noble, manly, soul-elevating, truly British sport. It encourages neither the cruel nor the sordid propensities to which human nature is prone. Oh, no! How different to the brutalities of a Spanish bull-fight, or the tortures inflicted by vivisection in their professed enthusiasm for the prevention of disease! The hares thoroughly enjoy the fun, and the wholesome and innocent nature of the pastime is proved by the attractive influence which it exercises over the "welshers," a class of men of far too severe a morality to congregate where anything reprehensible is going on.

RELIGIOUS TABLEAUX VIVANTS

DURING Christmas week, says the *Birmingham Post*, Rous Lench, near Evesham, has been the scene of what, for want of a suitable name, has been called an oratorio. The idea was suggested to the rector, Mr. Chafy, by the Passion Play of Ober Ammergau, and the performance consisted of a series of *tableaux vivants*, illustrating the early life of Our Lord. Great pains had been bestowed in bringing the representations to perfection; no labour or expense had been spared in obtaining the scenery and dresses, and in training the performers, all of whom were drawn from the parishioners. Including the chorus and choragus (after the manner of a Greek play), there were exactly fifty persons taking part in the performance, and their ages varied from the eighty-two years of the impersonator of the aged Anna in the Temple to the four years of one of the little ones worshipping the Cross. The rector himself took the part of choragus, and from time to time the chorus explained or commented on the meaning of the successive tableaux. The tableaux were for the most part the well-known incidents relating to the Incarnation, the expulsion of the Old Adam from Paradise, the promise and birth of a New Adam, the presentation in the Temple, the visits of the shepherds and magi, and the discovery of Jesus refuting the arguments of the doctors in the Temple. Three tableaux were purely allegorical—the vision of all nations worshipping the Cross, Jesus wounding His hands and feet in the workshop of Joseph, and the final tableau, entitled "The Key to Our Lord's Work on Earth." One was legendary—the vision on the Capitoline Hill. The most striking tableaux were the expulsion from Paradise, the presentation in the Temple, the vision of the Wise Men, and the flight into Egypt. Very touching in its simplicity was the portrayal of the visit of Mary to Elizabeth, the part of the Mother of our Lord being beautifully sustained throughout. Effective, if not absolutely gorgeous, were the dresses and gifts of the Magi. The twelfth tableau illustrated John the Baptist running with a bowl of water to the child Jesus, who has typically wounded his feet and hands at work, while Joseph plies his saw, and in the background Elizabeth is busy with her distaff, and Mary contemplates the rich presents from the East. The parts of the Angel Gabriel, the venerable Anna, and in the concluding tableaux, the child Jesus, were beautifully rendered. A selection of music was played during the representation, including "O Rest in the Lord" from the *Elijah*; "Comfort Ye" and "O Thou that Tellest," from the *Messiah*. Finally, we may add that nothing occurred throughout which could mar the solemnity of the performance—the attitudes were never unnatural or grotesque, the spectators behaved with due reverence. The success of the undertaking reflects the greatest credit on its promoters and performers. Altogether seven performances were given.—Our engravings are from photographs supplied to us by the rector, the Rev. W. K. W. Chafy-Chafy.

"MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 183.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AND HER COURT

BOTH Austria and Hungary are renowned for the beauty of their women, and thus at Vienna and Buda-Pesth the visitor may notice a surprising number of photographs of handsome women in the show-cases of photographers. At Vienna also, in the rooms of Adèle's Court Photographic Studio, there is an unusual display of photos of Court beauties, some of whom we engrave in this week's issue. To mention three of these ladies—the young Princess Auersperg, the Countess Bourgoing, *née* Countess Kinsky (sister of the Princess Montenuovo, who looks over the right shoulder of H.M. the Empress), and the Countess Kinsky, *née* Countess Wilczek, wife of the brother of the Countess Bourgoing and of the Princess Montenuovo. Count and Countess Kinsky have this year been wintering in Italy. The Countess Pejacevich Jolan was born in 1859, and is the daughter of the wealthy Hungarian proprietor, Count Marc Pejacevich. The Baroness Teschenberg is the wife of the influential Minister of Foreign Affairs at Vienna. This lady was once the most admired *prima ballerina* of the Opera. The Countess Hojos is the unmarried daughter of the Austrian Count Ernest Hojos, proprietor "*du grand majorat*;" and is *fiancée* of Count Clam, who will inherit one of the greatest fortunes of Austria. The Countess Salm, to use a Court term, has been, has not been, and is not married, and is a most estimable and distinguished beauty. The Princess Montenuovo is the daughter of the great Austrian financier, Count Kinsky. Her husband is the grandson of the Baron Neuberger (Montenuovo), who was the second husband of Maria Louisa, widow of Napoleon I. The children had the title of Princes and Princesses Montenuovo. Madame Baltazzi, *née* Countess Ugarte, is the wife of the great sportsman, owner of the famous Kiser, who won the Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris. Madame Baltazzi is, like the Empress, a dauntless rider. The Countess Nostitz is unmarried and an orphan. The portraits of the ladies of the Court are from photographs by Adèle, Vienna, except that of the Countess Pejacevich Jolan, which is from a photograph by Professor K. Koller, Buda-Pesth. The Empress has never been photographed, and the engraving is taken from the portrait published in No. 331, which was from an oil painting.

ANCIENT ART IN BRUSSELS

See page 191

SKATING CARNIVAL, OTTAWA

OF all the many gay scenes of Ottawa winter life, a "skating carnival" is the very gayest. To the music of a capital band, a brilliant crowd of skaters in every conceivable variety of masquerade dress sweeps round and round a huge gas-lighted rink, forming countless fantastic combinations, while the sharp hiss of the steel skate with which hundreds of feet are shod makes a strange running accompaniment. The company form a medley of all nationalities, of all periods, of all ages of life. Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, sellers of sweetmeats from Stamboul bazaars, policemen, Zulus, stolid Indians from the prairie, sailors fresh landed from H.M.S. *Pinafore*, celestials from Pekin, dandies of the Regency, and courtiers of the days of the Stuarts, charming little peasants from Brittany and Albania, bewitching Puritan maidens, alluring "Winters" and captivating tennis players, the slippered pantaloons, and babies of the most Broddingnagian type, fox-hunters, jockeys, and dandies from Virginian plantations, dash past, gracefully glide by, or, with wonderfully dexterous foot, wind, like pantomime sprites, at full speed through the shifting crowd, till the looker-on fancies he must be gazing at an ever-revolving kaleidoscope. Such an entertainment was recently attended at Ottawa by Lord Lorne, who takes great interest in the pastime. Lord and Lady George Campbell were also present. The whole affair was most successfully managed; a very pretty feature being a Maypole dance, shown in our engraving, which is from a photograph by Messrs. Notman and Sandham, of Ottawa.

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING, IX.

MR. FRIPP'S sketches this week are all concerned with Cairo. "Joseph's Well," which is of enormous depth, is upon the hill on which the citadel is built, where the Mamelukes were massacred. From the mosque on the summit a fine view of the town of Cairo is obtained. Another sketch shows a lady riding on an ass. The saddle is provided with a large hump, against which the rider is able to press her knees. These, as the sketch shows, are drawn up high owing to the shortness of the stirrups. Next we have a woman of the labouring (fellah) class carrying water, the vessel being tipped sideways to balance it; a soldier on guard engaged in knitting socks, a sensible precaution, as the Government does not supply such luxuries; and a specimen of one of the old streets, many of which are now being rapidly Europeanised. Another view shows one of the Pyramids, with the Sphinx just visible in front of it. Lastly, we have some of the ordinary native types, the woman carrying a baby, and the fellows who perpetually pester the traveller for "bakshesh."



ELECTION NEWS.—The Liberals have sustained another defeat at Taunton, Lord Kilcourse being bowled over by Mr. S. D. Allsopp to the tune of 1,144 to 917. The nomination for Meath took place on Wednesday, the candidates being Michael Davitt, who is now in Portland Prison, and Mr. Patrick Egan, but the name of the latter was withdrawn, and the High Sheriff declared Mr. Davitt duly elected. The election will, however, be probably annulled, as was that of O'Donovan Rossa for Tipperary.—At Northampton, where the issue of a new writ has created intense excitement, Mr. Bradlaugh will be opposed by his old Conservative rival, Mr. Corbett. In North Wilts, Mr. Sothoran Estcourt having announced his intention of retiring at the next general election, Lord Arthur Somerset has been asked to come forward as a Conservative candidate.—At Malmesbury matters remain *in statu quo*, as the Speaker hesitates to issue a new writ until sufficient legal proof of Mr. Powell's death can be obtained. Mr. Miller, the "Liberal-Conservative" candidate, has received from Mr. J. A. Froude perhaps the most extraordinary letter which has ever been written in support of an aspiring candidate for Parliamentary honours. He compliments him on his perseverance, and although he does not clearly make out in which interest he stands, wishes him success, his only doubt being that he addresses the electors and the people of England as if they were reasonable beings, whereas they are in fact enchanted as completely as the bewitched city of the Arabian Nights.

IRELAND.—There is happily very little to report, although several instances of renewed outrage and violence have occurred during the past week, chief among which is the murder of a constable named Kavanagh, who was shot dead just outside the police barracks at Letterfrack, Galway. Mr. Forster's sudden return to Dublin on Monday gave rise to various exciting rumours; but it seems that there was no special reason for it.—The Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, in his Lenten Pastoral, which was read at

all the Catholic churches in the city on Sunday, referred to the Land Act as a measure which had conferred great benefits upon the country.—Dr. McEvilly, Roman Catholic Bishop of Galway, has also issued a Pastoral, in which he denounces agrarian crimes, and calls upon the people to hold no communication with the perpetrators of crime or their wicked abettors, for "not only they that do these things are guilty of death, but they also who consent to them that do them."—Archbishop Croke, writing to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, refuses to be a party to the proposed address to the people against the mutilation of cattle, believing the outcry was raised to discredit the Land League. He thinks the Queen might, with equal propriety, have expressed similar abhorrence with regard to the eviction of Irish tenants because of their inability to meet the requirements of ruthless and exacting taskmasters.—On Thursday last week a "ploughing match," which was really a Land League demonstration, took place on Mr. Parnell's estate at Avondale, county Wicklow. The volunteers assembled in strong force, many coming a distance of forty miles, bringing with them teams of horses, with bands, banners, and decorations of all kinds, and the ploughing and harrowing of fifty acres was completed in three hours.—The twelve men suspected of being concerned in the murder of Lord Ardilaun's bailiffs were on Tuesday discharged from custody, no evidence being forthcoming against them. Ten of them were, however, immediately re-arrested under the Protection of Person and Property Act.

MUNICIPAL REFORM.—On Thursday last week, the Court of Common Council, after discussing the alternative suggestions of Sir F. Truscott, Mr. G. N. Johnson, and Sir John Bennett, adopted that of the first-mentioned gentleman, and appointed a Vigilance Committee, consisting of the Lord Mayor, two aldermen, and fifteen commoners, to consider the announcement in the Queen's Speech on the subject of the Municipal Reform of the Metropolis, and to act as they may deem expedient, reporting from time to time to the Court. On Monday the Committee met for the first time, and, after electing Sir F. Truscott as their Chairman, proceeded to discuss the subject.

THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.—Under the direction of the Chief Rabbi, Saturday last was observed in all synagogues as a day of special prayer for the Jews in Russia, and at many places sermons having special reference to the subject were preached, collections being also made towards the Mansion House Fund. In London alone these amounted to 2,000*l*. A Parliamentary paper containing some correspondence on the treatment of the Jews in Russia has been published. The despatches range in date from May, 1881, to January, 1882, and confirm much that has been reported concerning the outrages. A remarkable expression of opinion on the subject comes from Oxford University, the members of which, instead of holding a public meeting, as at first intended, have signed addresses to the Rev. Dr. Nathan Adler, the Chief Rabbi, declaring their "surprise and indignation at outbreaks which seem to recall the unreasoning antipathies and savage cruelties of the Middle Ages."

THE AUSTRALIAN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.—The Prince of Wales, presiding on Monday at the final meeting of the Royal Commission for the Australian International Exhibitions, said that the Exhibitions at Sydney and Melbourne had given foreign countries new conceptions of the wealth and capabilities of Australia, drawn closer the commercial and industrial interests of the mother country and the colonies, and, above all, strengthened the bonds of affection and loyalty which would, he trusted, for ever knit together all parts of the Empire.

PADDINGTON PARK.—The Metropolitan Board of Works have withdrawn their opposition to this project, and consented to contribute 1,000*l*. per acre, "but no more," towards the purchase-money.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL CONTROVERSY is still going on, not only in the English but also in the Continental Press. Meanwhile the works are still in progress, and on Saturday were inspected by the Lord Mayor of London and a number of other gentlemen, who, with Sir E. Watkin, descended the shaft, 160 feet deep, and traversed the 1,000 yards of tunnel already constructed, which was brilliantly illuminated by the Siemens electric light. Another party of visitors were conducted over the works on Tuesday. The chalk was found perfectly dry and firm, though as soft as cheese, and the average rate of boring is from eighty to ninety feet per week, or three miles a year, so that by simultaneous boring from each side of the Channel the tunnel would be completed in three years and a half, always supposing that the work is not checked by any unexpected fault. The trains are to be drawn by Beaumont's compressed air engines, which will also, it is expected, thoroughly ventilate the tunnel.

THE HIGH TIDES which were predicted to occur between the 18th and 20th inst. came on Sunday and Monday. The Thames and Medway overflowed their banks, and the low-lying districts on their banks were flooded, despite the precautions which had been taken to keep out the water. The tide also ran very high at Dover, Margate, Hull, Shields, Liverpool, and other places.

THE EAST LONDON VOLUNTEER REVIEW, it is now officially decided, will be held at Portsmouth. It is estimated that about 25,000 volunteers will attend, and the whole garrison, some 4,000 strong, (including two field batteries of artillery) will take part in the manoeuvres, whilst the co-operation of the Naval authorities is also promised. The railway companies have agreed to convey the force on the same conditions and fares as to Brighton last year.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION held a meeting on Tuesday, at which the Duke of Cambridge was re-elected President, and it was stated that the Princess of Wales had signified her desire to be present at the next presentation of prizes. Strong objections were urged against the proposed change of position in shooting, but a proposal to adhere to the present practice was rejected by 192 to 55. Earl Brownlow said that the Association existed to encourage military shooting, not to bring men to Wimbledon to make bulls' eyes for their own benefit.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL.—Thursday, the 16th inst., was the 200th anniversary of the laying of the foundation-stone of the Royal Military Hospital at Chelsea, and the occasion was celebrated by a special parade of the inmates, about 500 in number, before the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief, who passed from man to man, saying a few kindly words to each war-worn veteran, and afterwards made a short speech to the whole body, complimenting them on their appearance, and expressing a hope that all might, for many years, enjoy the hospitality of the Institution.

THE PEABODY TRUSTS.—The annual report of the Trustees of the Peabody Donation Fund shows that the net gain of the year 1881, from rents and interest, was 29,751*l*. They have now provided for the artisan and labouring poor of London 6,160 rooms, exclusive of bath-rooms, laundries, and wash-houses. These rooms form 2,787 separate dwellings, and are occupied by 11,459 persons; and during the past year there have been no fewer than 3,000 applicants for accommodation, the number of new "dwellings" opened during that period being 432. The trustees make special reference to the complaints which have been so often made, that they have departed from the expressed intentions of the benevolent founder by applying the funds to benefit a class for which they were not originally designed. They say that the sufficient answer is that the late Mr. Peabody, with whom three of the trustees lived on terms of intimacy and confidence, was fully cognisant of, and was consulted upon, the precise application of the funds bestowed by him, and that years after the date of his first gift, and on several

occasions, he personally sanctioned the two leading principles on which his fund has, since its origin, been administered:—"First, that the buildings shall be occupied by tenants of the working classes, paying a reasonable rent; secondly, that the income thus obtained shall be applied to the construction from time to time of fresh buildings similar to those already existing, so that the operation of the fund may admit of indefinite though gradual extension." On this system, therefore, the trustees will continue to act, believing that they are carrying out the wishes of the donor, and conferring a lasting benefit on the working poor of London.

DISASTERS AT SEA.—On Wednesday the Allan steamer *Sardinian* put into Liverpool in tow of the *Texas*, which had picked her up in the Atlantic on the 15th inst. in a disabled condition from the loss of her rudder, which had been broken some ten days earlier, and for which the crew had vainly endeavoured to rig a substitute. The *Sardinian* had previously transferred her passengers to two passing vessels, the *Nederland*, bound for Antwerp, and the *Bolivia*, bound for Halifax.—Wreckage continues to wash up on the Irish coast from the Transatlantic steamer *City of London*, which sailed from London for New York on the 13th November, and which was posted at Lloyd's as a missing vessel on the 1st inst.



The fleshy figure of Mr. Bradlaugh has through another week dominated the House of Commons, and the affairs of the Member for Northampton have occupied the attention of Parliament, largely to the exclusion of the affairs of the nation. Since the passing of the resolution prohibiting him from taking his seat, Mr. Bradlaugh has enjoyed many of the substantial privileges of a member of Parliament. He has had the free run of the rooms of "the most comfortable club in London," and whilst debates have been in progress he has been privileged to sit under the gallery on benches where ordinary members are not permitted. He has availed himself of these opportunities to the full, and, with characteristic desire to make the most of them, has sat with his hat on in the presence of the Speaker. This is an anomaly sufficiently horrific to cause the ghosts of former Speakers to rise behind the chair and stare aghast. Either Mr. Bradlaugh was up to Wednesday afternoon a member of the House or he was not. If he was there is no reason why he should have been limited to the seats below the gangway. If he was not he certainly had no right to wear his hat in the presence of the Speaker.

That, however, is a nicety of Parliamentary decorum that disappears behind the confusion, the consternation of Tuesday night and Wednesday afternoon. On the earlier occasion Mr. Bradlaugh was present in his customary seat, and displayed more than his usual attention to the business before the House. It largely interested him, since his friend and colleague, Mr. Labouchere, taking advantage of Privilege, had interposed before the ordinary business of the sitting a motion for the issue of a new writ for Northampton. There is no doubt now that this was part of a concerted plan, the climax of which was reached when Mr. Bradlaugh appeared at the table and rattled forth the oath. But it greatly puzzled hon. members, and Sir Stafford devoted a considerable measure of his speech to discussing what it might mean. The right hon. baronet, with the native shrewdness that underlies his ordinary placid manner, observed that the quarter from which the motion came led him to regard it with suspicion. But the darkest cloud of suspicion that ever overhung mortal mind was inadequate to cover the little plot which the members for Northampton had concocted, and which they carried out with a success all the more complete because Sir Stafford Northcote's suspicion assumed no definite shape in the mind of the House generally.

The debate which preceded the great attraction of the evening was eminently dull. Mr. Labouchere moved his resolution, which Lord Randolph Churchill met with an amendment. Lord Randolph was not less anxious to get rid of Mr. Bradlaugh than was Mr. Labouchere, only the noble lord desired to bestow a kick upon the portly person of his adversary as he left the House. This project he submitted in Parliamentary form by moving a substitute for the concluding words of Mr. Labouchere's resolution, which declared that Mr. Bradlaugh was disqualified by law from taking his seat. Lord Randolph's proposal met with little more favour than Mr. Labouchere's, and in the end, both being negatived, the original motion was left in a comically mangled state. The question the House of Commons was called upon to vote for when the time came stood thus:—"That Mr. Speaker do issue his warrant to the Clerk of the Crown to make out a new writ for the election of a member to serve in the present Parliament for the borough of Northampton in the room of Charles Bradlaugh, Esq., who—"

The House made very merry with this, and went out for the division with the pleased certainty that the matter was over for the present, and that Mr. Bradlaugh would come out of it damaged by a ludicrous incident likely to attach to him the nickname of "Charles Bradlaugh, Esq., who." In the mean time, the object of this concentrated thought committed another flagrant contempt of the rules of Parliamentary etiquette. When a division is called it is the custom of the Speaker, following a precedent established from time immemorial, to call on strangers to withdraw. Thereupon the back seats of the gallery under the clock which are open to strangers are cleared. Not only is this done, but every member, except by special permission of the Speaker, must leave the House, and it is not until the Speaker, having surveyed the House and ascertained that it is empty, makes the signal for the unlocking of the doors which give exit from the division lobby. Exceptions may be made, and have been, as in the case of Mr. Kavanagh, who, on account of physical disability, was permitted to remain in his place whilst divisions were taken. But no such permission was given to Mr. Bradlaugh. Nevertheless, in spite of demonstrations and entreaties by the messenger who was charged with the duty of clearing the House, he remained seated throughout the division.

The reason for this presently became apparent. As soon as the division was announced, showing that the writ had been refused by 307 members voting against 18, Mr. Bradlaugh marched up the floor of the House, and, before any one had time to interpose, had produced from his breast pocket a small book, had recited the form of the oath, kissed the book, signed a manuscript form of the oath, and, drawing himself up to his full height, was waiting the bursting of the storm.

The surprise was complete, and left the House for some moments speechless. The Speaker ordered Mr. Bradlaugh to retire below the bar, which he did, but immediately afterwards took his seat below the gangway. Thence he was driven by the Speaker, and always meekly bowing, which he might well do, seeing that he had accomplished his purpose, he took his seat under the gallery. Lord Randolph Churchill then proposed forthwith to declare the seat vacant, but wiser counsels urged from both front benches opposed this hot-headed plan, and the matter was adjourned till Wednesday.

When the House met at two o'clock it was again crowded in anticipation of a fresh development of this illimitable drama, but it

was not quite prepared for the particular one which happened. The Prime Minister declining to give expression by resolution to the voice of a majority from which he differed, Sir Stafford Northcote moved a resolution prohibiting Mr. Bradlaugh from entering the precincts of the House. This was on the point of being carried when Mr. Bradlaugh appeared, and desperate in presence of the proposal he feared more than anything else, seated himself within the House in defiance of the Speaker's orders. Thereupon Sir Stafford Northcote, withdrawing his original resolution, moved one expelling the member for Northampton, which was carried on a division of 297 votes against 80. Here (till Mr. Bradlaugh has time to get re-elected) the scandalous episode closes.

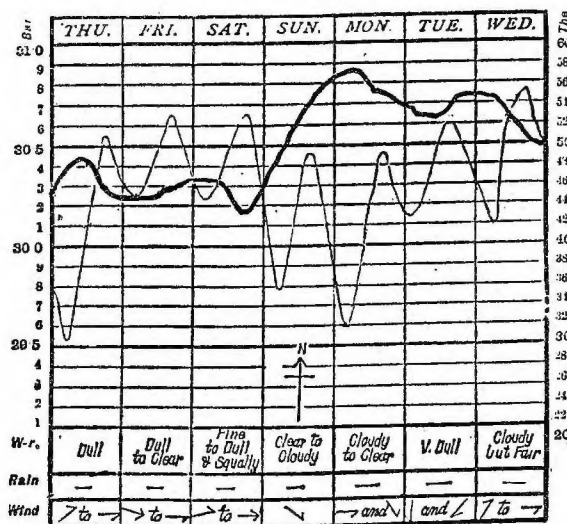
Apart from this incident, the Parliamentary week has had its own surprises and excitements. At an early hour on Saturday morning the House of Lords, following the lead of Lord Donoughmore, took a critical step. His lordship moved for a select committee to inquire into the working of the Irish Land Act, and the peers, by a majority significantly small compared with that with which they are accustomed to rebuff a Liberal Government, carried the motion. On Monday Lord Granville announced in the House of Lords that the Government would take no part or lot in the proposed Committee, whilst in the House of Commons the Premier made a more startling announcement. He gave notice that on Monday he will move what is practically a vote repudiating the House of Lords, and condemning the step they have taken as fraught with fatal results to the cause of social order and government in Ireland. It is to be hoped that before Monday wiser courses will have prevailed, and the grave consequences of a conflict between the two Houses will be averted. In the mean time both sides are preparing for battle.

The week has just afforded time for the opportunity of introducing the new Rules of Procedure. The Premier moved the first resolution on Monday night, but events touched upon above have prevented any real progress being made with the debate.

ADULTERATION AND ANALYSIS.—A short time ago a grocer carrying on business in Higher Trammere, appeared at Birkenhead Police Court to answer a summons for the alleged offence of selling a mixture of coffee and chicory as "pure coffee," and in proof of the charge a certificate was produced from Dr. Vacher, the public analyst of the borough, who besides declared that there could not possibly be any mistake about the sample submitted to him containing a large percentage of chicory, as it had been twice tested by him with precisely the same result down to a milligramme. The tradesman, however, indignantly repudiated the charge, and in support of his denial produced a certificate from another public analyst, Dr. Davies, of the Isle of Man, declaring the coffee to be pure, simple, and unadulterated in any way. Such a direct and well-balanced conflict of technical evidence was embarrassing, but Mr. Preston, the magistrate before whom the case was heard, was equal to the occasion. He ordered a remand, and in the mean time caused samples of the article to be sent to Dr. Campbell Brown, the Liverpool public analyst, and also to Somerset House. The reply from each of these authorities was that the coffee was quite pure, and free from any taint of chicory, Dr. Brown adding by way of explanation that "chicory is recognised only by the microscope unless the taste discloses its presence. Its appearance under the microscope is quite distinct from coffee, and in this coffee I have not found a single particle of chicory after a minute examination." When the adjourned hearing came on on Tuesday last Mr. Preston had, therefore, no difficulty in dealing with it, dismissing the summons with costs against the Corporation. So far good. The character of a respectable tradesman has been very properly vindicated, and there is nothing to be urged against the decision. The weight of evidence in defendant's favour being as three to one; but there are nevertheless certain unpleasant reflections which force themselves upon us in connection with the case. Were any of the samples tampered with before reaching the analyst, and if so, by whom? If not—and we take it for granted that neither carelessness nor incapacity would be alleged against Dr. Vacher—how are we to account for the contradictory results obtained by the different analysts? If it be possible for skilled scientists to blunder over such a simple matter as this, what reliance can we place upon their investigations in cases of infinitely greater importance, in which the materials submitted to them are of a more mixed character, and the tests of a more difficult nature—as for example the examination of the contents of a stomach in a case of suspected murder by poison, where the innocence or guilt of the accused depends mainly upon the evidence as to the result of the analysis?

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM FEB. 16 TO FEB. 22 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been dry and quiet, although very dull at times. During the greater part of the time we have been under the influence of an area of high barometric pressure, the central portion of which has been lying over our south-west coasts. Our wind has consequently been mostly from the westward or north-westward, and moderate in force, except on Friday and Saturday (17th and 18th inst.), when, owing to the passage of some deep depressions across the north of Scotland, it occasionally freshened to a strong breeze. On Sunday (19th inst.), in the rear of one of these disturbances, the weather was exceedingly fine and bright. Temperature has continued high for the season, and there have been only two night frosts. On the nights of Thursday and Friday (16th and 17th inst.) the thermometer did not sink below 45°. The barometer was highest (30.85 inches) on Monday (20th inst.); lowest (30.18 inches) on Saturday (18th inst.); range, 0.67 inches. Temperature was highest (55°) on Wednesday (22nd inst.); lowest (31°) on Thursday (16th inst.); range, 24°. No measurable amount of rain has fallen.



AN EXPEDITION TO NOVAYA ZEMBLA is to be sent out by the Russian Geographical Society, under the direction of Lieutenant Andreiff.

MUSIC AND POLITICS have been curiously blended by a Teutonic composer, who has set to music, for chorus and orchestra, the recent famous Imperial Rescript.

THE YOUNG TAPIR, lately born in the Zoological Gardens at Regent's Park, continues to flourish. It is a sturdy little thing, and seems very fond of the water. This is said to be the first tapir ever born in confinement.

THE USE OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT is gradually spreading throughout the principal English country houses, and the Duke of Sutherland's residence at Trentham has now been successfully illuminated by the process.

THE COPYRIGHTS OF SIGNOR VERDI's works command high prices, to judge from a recent sale in Paris. Thus *Il Trovatore* sold for 4,000l., *Rigoletto* for 2,480l., and *La Traviata* for 2,880l. *Aida* was put up at 3,620l., but found no bidder; and *The Requiem* proved equally unsatisfactory.

GENERAL GARIBALDI is to be presented with a medal, in acknowledgment of his plan for straightening the bed of the Tiber. The medal will bear on one side a bust of the recipient, with the inscription, "Roma a Garibaldi;" and on the other will be engraved an old man chained to the ground.

THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA AT CONSTANTINOPLE is stated to be unsafe, and the news has created considerable consternation among the Turks, who hold the tradition that the fall of St. Sophia will be the signal for the dismemberment of the Mahomedan Empire. The dome threatens to give way at any moment, and should the fall occur at the time of any special ceremony a terrible catastrophe would be the result.

DESDEMONA WAS A MEMBER OF THE PRUSSIAN ROYAL HOUSE, according to the theory of an eminent Teutonic Shakespearean scholar, Herr Theodor Elze. He asserts that the story of "Othello" was derived from the family papers of the Italian Collalti (Hohenzollern), whose coat-of-arms and colours are identical with those of the present Imperial Family. Desdemona, therefore, was *née* Collalti or Hohenzollern.

ALPINE GUIDES IN GERMANY AND AUSTRIA are in future to undergo a regular course of instruction under the auspices of the Alpine Clubs of the respective countries. Special schools have been established, and the course includes the rudimentary knowledge of geology and the nature of glaciers; the geography of the German and Austrian Alps; the geography of the respective districts, and the knowledge of all noteworthy sights and legends; the use of compass and thermometer; and instruction in rendering medical aid in case of accidents.

THE NEW SALON OF DECORATIVE ART, which is to be inaugurated in Paris on May 1st, simultaneously with the ordinary Salon, promises to be a great success, as many of the chief French decorative painters intend to contribute. The arrangements made by the late short-lived Ministry of Arts will be fully carried out, and the collection will be housed in the spare rooms of the Palais de l'Industrie, where artistic pottery, wood-carving, and metal-work will be amongst the exhibits. One noteworthy contribution will be the model of a group intended to surmount the Arc de Triomphe, and which the late Fine Art Minister had intended to place there on approval during the coming National Fête of July 14th. Talking of Art in Paris, the Society of "Independent" or "Impressionist" Painters, recruited chiefly from the ranks of those who will not or cannot exhibit at the regular Salon, will open their annual display next Wednesday.

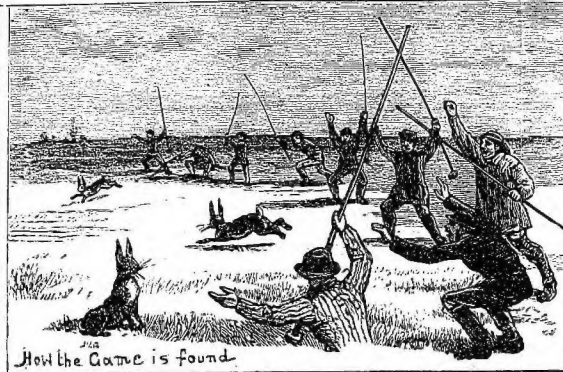
LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 2,188 deaths were registered, against 2,632 during the previous seven days, a decline of 444, but being 337 above the average, and at the rate of 29.3 per 1,000. There were 17 deaths from small-pox, 46 from measles (an increase of 5), 24 from scarlet fever (an increase of 4), 6 from diphtheria (a decline of 10), 205 from whooping-cough (an increase of 56), 14 from enteric fever (an increase of 2), 1 from typhus fever (a decline of 4), 3 from ill-defined forms of fever, and 769 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a decline of 225, but exceeding the average by 237, of which 522 were attributed to bronchitis and 167 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 58 deaths; 56 were the result of negligence or accident, 24 were infants under one year of age from suffocation. There were 2,674 births registered against 2,951 during the previous week, being 73 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 45.5 deg., and 6.7 deg. above the average.

AMERICAN ART continues to improve with wonderful rapidity, and the annual Water-Colour Exhibition, just opened at the New York Academy of Design, is stated to be one of the finest ever seen. Over 1,000 pictures were refused owing to want of space, and those chosen are admirably set off by the tasteful decorations of the rooms, which are adorned by flowers and judiciously disposed Japanese curtains. The New York correspondent of the *American Register* points out that the Centennial Exhibition mainly gave the recent great impetus to Art, and that since that time Transatlantic painters have made marvellous progress in every branch of Art except portraiture. Year by year America is becoming more and more the home of the finest works of Art, and, when the time comes for the treasures of private collections to pass into the possession of public museums, there will be no need for pupils to go abroad to study. Philadelphia is undoubtedly the best place for study, the School of the Academy of Fine Arts fully justifying its high repute; but for encouragement in Art, such financial help as artists need, and artistic society, possibly New York is better.

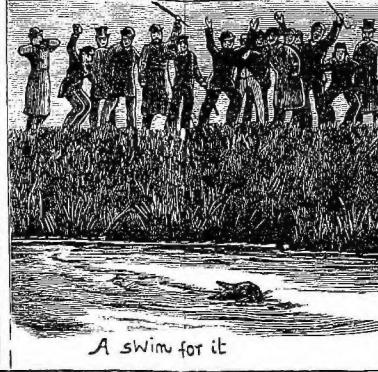
THE CARNIVAL this week has been celebrated with great energy by the various Continental cities, with the exception of Paris. The Roman Corso, owing to the mild weather, was a mass of flower-gardens, the balconies being beautifully decorated, and the "coriandali" throwing went on with unusual vigour, the ex-Viceroy of Egypt being prominent in this disagreeable amusement. One of the chief features of the Roman carnival, however, was absent—the Artists' Masquerade—but the artists intend instead to give a grand ball, in rooms decorated like an Indian temple. In Vienna everybody went dancing-mad, and over 365 new pieces of dance-music were specially composed for the Carnival-season, most of the productions being accompanied by absurd words, which the dancers were intended to sing. The chief attractions of the Carnival in Paris were two pseudo-Jesuits, one carrying a banner of the Sacré Cœur, and the other scattering holy water with a huge brush. Arrested by the police, they were ultimately allowed to pursue their pranks. The most novel Carnival amusement, however, was at Bonn, where, owing to the extraordinary lowness of the Rhine, on St. Valentine's Day—which fell two inches below the lowest watermark ever known—the Carnival Club held high festival in the evening on a small dry plot of land near the middle of the stream. Here they carried an effigy of Prince Carnival; and, after an illumination of Bengal fires and innumerable songs and speeches, they drew up a report of the proceedings, and buried it in a metal case in the bed of the river.



"Swells"



How the Game is found



A swim for it



Rushing on Fate



Penny Toll



The First Round

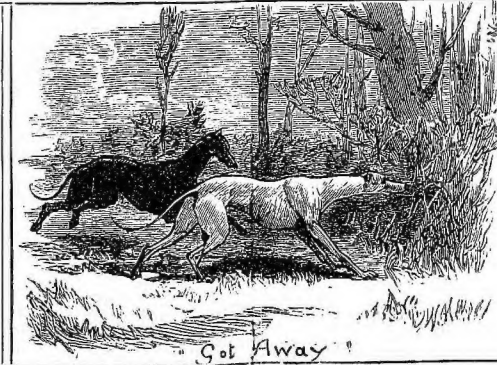
C. D. M. 1882



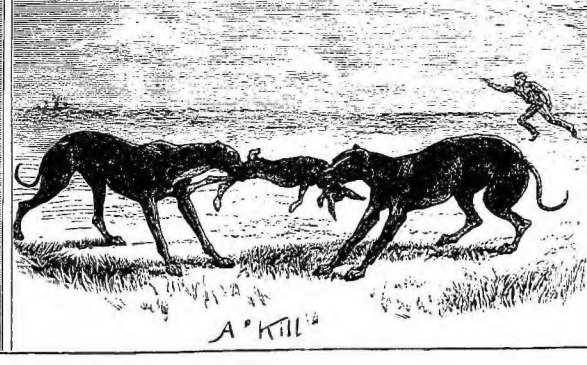
"No Go!"



The Victims



"Got Away"



A "Kill"



SLAV AND TEUTON.—General Skobelev has once more startled Europe by one of those intemperate speeches for which, in times of peace, he is becoming as famed as for his headlong cavalry charges, which have done so much to establish his military renown. Only a few weeks since he virulently attacked Austria for her anti-Slavonic policy, and now, in reply to an address from some Serbian students in Paris, he has vehemently denounced Germany. He is alleged to have declared that the reason why Russia could not always fulfil her duties as a Slav Power was on account of foreign influences. "We are not masters in our own house. Yes, the foreigner is everywhere and everything in Russia. . . . and from his baneful influence we can only be delivered by the sword. . . . And shall I tell you the name of this intriguing intruder? It is the German. I repeat it, and entreat you never to forget it—the German is the enemy. A struggle is inevitable between the Teuton and the Slav. It cannot be long deferred. It will be long, sanguinary, and terrible, but I entertain the faith that it will culminate in favour of the Slav." Such statements as these from a man who is known to be a favourite, and even a trusted confidant, of the Czar, fell like a bombshell in political circles, and their importance was still further enhanced by the account of an interview between the General and the *Voltaire* reporter, in which the former reiterated his opinion of the "all-absorbing Power," Germany, and stated that he would be "more than ever confident if it is well understood that unity must exist between France and the Slavs." It is true that to the correspondents of the *Daily News* and the *Cologne Gazette* the General declared that the French journalists had greatly exaggerated his utterances, but the fact remains that he has once more denounced the Teuton as the oppressor of the Slav, and his denunciations have all the weight that his position as one of the military chieftains of Russia can give them.

In Berlin there has been a great outburst of indignation, and the whole Teutonic Press has teemed with angry protests against Russia and the bellicose orator; though the semi-official *North German Gazette*, in a manifestly "communicated" article, declares that too much attention was being devoted to General Skobelev's pronouncements, and that the "private views of a gallant soldier on European politics are of as little importance as the opinion of able diplomatists upon cavalry saddles and cartridge pouches." As for the military aspect of the statement, "it will be time enough to discuss this after hearing the judgment of Russian military circles." In Vienna the sensation created was equally marked, and the report that the general had an interview with M. Gambetta is significantly commented upon. In Paris the comments have naturally been coolly critical; and, while the utterances are condemned, it is pointed out by the *Debats* that they emanated from the general as a private individual, and not as an accredited representative of his Government. This excuse is of course put forward by the St. Petersburg Government in a Note published on Tuesday in the *Official Gazette*, in which it declared that "private utterances by persons having no authority from their Government to make them can naturally have no influence upon the general course of our foreign policy, nor can they affect our good relations with neighbouring States, which are based not only upon ties of friendship existing between crowned heads and their clear perception of the interests of their peoples, but also upon the strict and mutual observance of existing Treaties." This last sentence is well worth remarking, as one of General Skobelev's chief accusations against Austria is that she has broken the stipulations of the Berlin Treaty in introducing her conscription and other measures into a country which she was authorised simply to occupy and not to annex. General Skobelev is no rash visionary, and, if not an actual "authorised" speaker, he is one who speaks with authority, if only as a leader of the most powerful party in Russia, and one for which the Czar is known to possess the warmest sympathies. It is well known that Russian influence has long been at work, not only in the Crivoscia, and amongst the Servians and Montenegrins, but amongst the actual subjects of Austria themselves, and this is well proved by the agitation amongst the Ruthenes, and their wholesale conversion to the Orthodox Greek Church.

Nor are the Pan-Slavic visions of the Czar and his advisers less an open secret any more than that the coming campaign with Austria is a common topic in Russian military circles. Austria is well aware of all this, and, as we hinted some weeks since, more extensive military preparations are manifestly being made than are necessary to crush the insurrection in the Herzegovina. That a coming struggle is pending between Slav and Teuton most observers will heartily agree with General Skobelev, though whether it was wise under all the circumstances for Russia to further excite the susceptibilities of Germany, already bound by secret treaty to uphold Austria, remains to be seen. That the Russian Government is beginning to feel that the General has gone a little too far is evident by his recall to St. Petersburg "to give explanations."

FRANCE.—Beyond the speech of General Skobelev, and the practical collapse of the Commercial Treaty negotiations with England, there is little political news. Had M. Gambetta remained in office another week, it is probable that the new Treaty would have been concluded and ratified with very little further discussion, but the new Cabinet's maximum fall far short of the minimum required by the English Ministry, and, M. Tirard proving absolutely inflexible, the Treaty has to all intents and purposes fallen through. A Treaty on the principle of according to England the privileges of the "most favoured nation" has been talked of, but as the abortive Treaty gave greater privileges, the proposition is not likely to meet with any noteworthy success, so that, as the extension of time accorded to the Treaty ends on March 1, it is far from improbable that imports from England on that date will be subjected to the general tariff. Internal politics have been exceedingly quiet this week, but a brisk debate was expected on Thursday, when the Government was to be interpellated on Egyptian affairs, and a sharp passage of arms was thought likely to occur between M. de Freycinet and M. Gambetta. M. de Freycinet maintains his popularity, and his reception was densely crowded. There have been two important diplomatic changes, M. Roustan being at last removed from Tunis and transferred to Washington, and M. Tissot being appointed the new Ambassador to Great Britain.

In PARIS there has been no lack of gossip this week. The bearer of another name in M. Zola's book, a M. Louis Vabre, has protested against being thus handed down to immortality, and the author now designates that particular character "M. Sans Nom," while M. Duverdy's prototype is known as "M. Trois Étoiles." M. Dumas, however, has been the hero of the week. Some time since he bought a picture of the well-known painter, M. Jacquet, and sold it at a greatly enhanced price. This so enraged the artist that he painted M. Dumas as a "Bagdad Jew Dealer in Curiosities," and sent it to the Society of Water Colours, of which the painter was a member. The Society did not wish to hang it, but was compelled to do so by its statutes. M. Lipmann, M. Dumas's son-in-law, however, coolly smashed the glass with a stick, and thereupon M. Jacquet at once instituted an action for damages, which he laid at 1,600*l.* The Court, after a first hearing of the question, ordered

the removal of the picture from the Exhibition pending the trial. Talking of Art and artists, a noteworthy exhibition of Russian paintings has been opened in the Avenue de l'Opéra for the benefit of poor Russian artists in the outset of their career. One of the most striking pictures is Dimitrieff's "Crossing the Danube by the Grand Duke Nicholas, on July 28, 1877." Another Art item is a curious act of Vandalism perpetrated in the Louvre, where some youths were caught bedaubing various pictures with red paint. Fortunately they were arrested before they had effected much harm.—The Carnival has been very dull this year. On Tuesday the weather was damp and gloomy, and there was a marked falling-off of the fancy costumes in the streets. Theatrical circles have, however, been somewhat more active than usual, and the novelties have comprised a comic opera, *Attendez-Moi sous l'Orme*, music by M. Vincent d'Indy, at the Opéra Comique, a dramatised version of the well-known novel, "La Grande Iza," at the Théâtre des Nations, by MM. Busnach and Bouvier, and a grand five-act drama, *Le Capitaine Xaintrailles*, at the Château d'Eau. One more well-known feature of Paris life is about to vanish. Mabilles has been sold for building purposes.

THE EGYPTIAN CRISIS.—The explanatory Notes of England and France to the European Powers respecting the joint Note recently presented to the Khedive have seemingly produced a good impression, and a united action in the event of any crisis may now be reasonably expected. An Anglo-French Note has also been presented to the Sultan in reply to his protest, stating that England and France had in no way interfered with the sovereignty of the Sultan over Egypt. The recent events in Egypt, however, had tended to threaten those international arrangements in which England and France are "primarily interested by reason of their situation, and specially interested in virtue of the decrees of the Khedive negotiated by and with them, alone, by which they were invited to re-organise the administration of the finances in Egypt; but to which the other Powers of Europe have also become parties." Meanwhile, in Egypt itself the Chamber of Notables continues to be completely subservient to the Military Party, but has shown some deference to European opinion by asking to see all treaties and conventions which have been concluded between Egypt and Foreign nations, so as "to prevent the House from involuntarily infringing any such engagements." The Anglo-French Controllers have issued a long protest against the present military dictatorship. After recounting the fact that on their appointment the Khedive was not merely nominally, but actually the ruler of the country, and that the condition was practically laid down that their advice would receive "just appreciation," they point out that matters are now completely changed, that the Khedive's will is entirely superseded by those of various military chiefs, and that the Ministry is about to accord the Chambers the right of voting the Budget, notwithstanding the formal opposition of the Controllers. Their influence is thus annihilated, and they conclude by declaring that "it would be a profound illusion not herein to see the prelude of a series of measures which will not leave standing any of the reforms introduced in the course of late years."

AUSTRIA AND THE HERZEGOVINA.—There is no absolutely trustworthy news from the seat of war, and what there is proves that the insurgents are exceedingly active, and continue their guerilla tactics, attacking small reconnoitring parties and capturing isolated forts. At present the troops are acting strictly on the defensive, waiting for better weather, and until the military preparations are complete, while all superfluous reconnoitring parties have been prohibited in consequence of the insurgents' attacks. The incendiary utterances of General Skobelev have not been without their effect upon the Slavs in Russia and Servia, and from Bucharest comes a report that the town is fast filling with Russian officers, who are flocking thither much as they did during the Herzegovinian insurrection of 1876.

The Press in Austria has grown considerably within the last five years. In 1875 there were only 876 journals and periodicals. The latest report raises the number to 1,074, while political organs form the third of this return. Vienna publishes 109 political journals, while of the total number of 451 publications belonging to Vienna and Lower Austria 435 are printed in German, 5 in Slav, 4 in French, 1 in Hungarian, and 6 in Hebrew. Bohemia claims 218 journals for her five millions and a half of inhabitants, of which 115 are printed in German and 103 in Bohemian.

TURKEY.—The ceremony of investing the Sultan with the Order of the Black Eagle took place last week at Yildiz Kiosk. After presenting two autograph letters from the German Ambassador, Prince Radziwill presented the Insignia and Order of both the Red and the Black Eagles, and in doing so conveyed warm expressions of friendship from the Emperor. The Sultan made a brief speech of thanks, and stated that he regarded the distinction as a new proof of the good relations existing between the two countries, and which he hoped would be drawn closer in future. At the dinner which followed the Sultan expressed his regret at the insurrection in Herzegovina, which was at present troubling "his ally, Austria."

Captain Selby, who last week while shooting at Artaki was attacked by some Albanian shepherds, died on board his vessel, the *Falcon*, on Tuesday. A piece of bone had been removed from his skull, but with no effect upon the patient's condition. The funeral was to take place on Thursday, when Mrs. Selby, the unfortunate officer's wife, was expected to arrive at Constantinople. The criminals have been arrested, and will be shortly brought to trial, and universal indignation is expressed at such a wanton murder. Captain Selby was one of the best known gunnery officers in the Royal Navy, and had been twenty-six years in the service.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—Things are quiet in Afghanistan, and the Ameer is doing his utmost to conciliate the Powers that be at Herat by money and presents, and at the same time is not neglecting extensive military preparations in Candahar in the event of any outbreak against his authority. It is popularly reported that the Ameer will march upon Turkestan in the spring, and that the British army will reappear on the scene. The whereabouts of Ayoub are still unknown, though he is thought to be at Meshed.

The Indian Government has been officially informed that King Theebaw intends to send an envoy to Calcutta—a step which indicates that His Burmese Majesty has recognised the force of Lord Ripon's remonstrances. It is also reported from Mandalay that the King has given notice that the monopolies were to cease by the 17th inst., but the authority of this is doubtful.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Further outrages on the Jews are reported from RUSSIA, whence also come gratifying Consular statements that the reports of the Odessa outrages were greatly exaggerated, and that Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff took stringent measures to repress the disorders.—From SWITZERLAND we hear that a female Nihilist, Sophia Bernina, recently condemned to twenty years' penal servitude, has escaped—an unprecedented feat for a woman, though many female prisoners have escaped when simply exiled.—In ITALY the King and Queen have been entertained at a grand ball given by Lord A. Paget, the British Ambassador.—In the UNITED STATES there have been destructive fires at Chester, Pennsylvania, and Haverhill, Massachusetts. In the latter town over 300 business establishments were destroyed, and two thousand five hundred workmen thrown out of employment. Severe storms have raged throughout the United States and Canada.—In PERU there has been a terrible massacre of the inhabitants of Pisco by Peruvian soldiers. The victims number 1,000, including the French Consul and 300 foreigners. The ringleader, Colonel Mas, has been shot.



THE Queen is now entertaining Prince Leopold's future bride, Princess Helen of Waldeck, at Windsor. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice returned to the Castle from town on Saturday, the Queen's health not having suffered from the alarming accident on Her Majesty's arrival in London, when one of the Royal outriders was thrown by a restive horse, and narrowly escaped collision with the Royal carriage. The outrider was not dangerously hurt, and is recovering. During the Queen's stay in town, Her Majesty, besides holding a Drawing Room, called on the Duchess of Cambridge and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, received the Prince and Princess of Wales, Duke of Edinburgh, and Princesses Christian and Louise to dinner, and was visited by the Royal grandchildren, while the Princess Beatrice went to the Savoy and Haymarket Theatres. On Sunday the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the private chapel, Windsor, where the Rev. T. Rowsell officiated, and in the afternoon Princess Christian and her two daughters visited Her Majesty. On Monday the Queen gave audience to Lord Kensington, who presented the Address from the House of Commons in reply to the Royal speech, and later Her Majesty invested Sir Evelyn Wood with the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, Sir Evelyn and Sir H. Ponsonby joining the Royal party at dinner in the evening. Next day the Princess Helen of Waldeck arrived, accompanied by her father, Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont, and Prince Leopold, having crossed in somewhat rough weather from Flushing to Queenborough during the previous night in the *Victoria and Albert*. The Princess and her companions were received quite privately at Queenborough, the formal reception being postponed to a later occasion, but a crowd had assembled to cheer Princess Helen, who looked well, and wore a dark green costume. Princess Beatrice met them at the station, whence they drove in open carriages amidst bell-ringing and cheering to the Castle. The Queen welcomed her guests at the entrance. Her Majesty comes to town again next week to hold a second Drawing Room on Wednesday, and on March 13th the Queen and Princess Beatrice leave for Mentone, where they will stay at the Châlet des Rosiers, placed at Her Majesty's disposition by Mr. Henfrey, whose house at Baveno the Queen occupied when visiting the Italian Lakes in 1879. The villa, built in the Swiss style, commands a splendid view, and is almost hidden by the olive groves in which it stands.

On Saturday afternoon the Duchess of Teck lunched at Marlborough House, and subsequently the Princess of Wales was present at the Saturday Popular Concert, also accompanying the Prince to St. James's Theatre in the evening. Next day the Prince and Princess with their daughters attended Divine Service. Monday being the fifteenth birthday of the Prince and Princess's eldest daughter, Princess Louise, a children's party took place in her honour, to which the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Duchess of Teck brought their families. The Prince also presided at the final meeting of the Royal Commission for the Australian International Exhibitions, and went in the evening with the Prince and the Duke and Duchess of Teck to the Albert Hall to witness the Fancy Dress Ball in aid of the Bolingbroke Pay Hospital. The ex-Empress Eugénie visited the Prince and Princess on Tuesday, when the Prince was present at the christening of the Earl and Countess of Rosebery's infant heir, who was named "Albert Edward," after his Royal sponsor. In the evening the Prince dined with Lord and Lady Rosebery. On Thursday the Prince held a *levée* at St. James's Palace on behalf of the Queen.—The Prince and Princess will give a ball on March 10th in commemoration of the nineteenth anniversary of their marriage.—When the Prince and Princess visit Bradford this summer to open the new Technical Schools they will stay with Mr. Titus Salt at Milnerfield.—Princes Albert Victor and George are expected next week in Egypt, where they will stay at the Viceregal Palace of Kas-en-Noussha during their visit to Cairo. The Khedive will also furnish them with a special steamer for excursions on the Nile.

The Duchess of Edinburgh has again been indisposed, but has now recovered. Change of air has, however, been advised. She will distribute the prizes to the choir and schools of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, on May 27. The Duke visits the Electrical Exhibition at the Crystal Palace to-day (Saturday).—The Duchess of Connaught is now convalescent, and drove out for the first time on Sunday with her husband. The Duke and Duchess go shortly to the Isle of Wight for change of air.—Princess Christian on Monday night took part in an amateur concert at Slough, in aid of the fund for enlarging Upton Parish Church, and played four pianoforte solos.—Princess Louise on Saturday inspected Mr. C. Mercier's portrait of the Canadian Speaker, intended for the Senate House, and in the evening attended the students' concert at the Royal Academy of Music. On Tuesday she visited the Moore Street Home for Crippled and Orphan Boys, and dined with the Marquis of Abergavenny.

No date for Prince Leopold's marriage has yet been announced, but the preparations for the ceremony are proceeding, and wedding presents are being got ready. Thus the members of the Bachelors' Club will offer him a silver toilet service in Louis XVI. style, and the British woollen manufacturers will also present a gift of national manufacture. Before the Prince and his fiancée left Arolsen, the Crown Princess of Germany spent two days there. After their marriage the Prince and his bride will probably take a cruise in the Prince of Wales' yacht *Ossorne*.—The Empress of Austria continues to hunt daily.



BOTH CONVOCATIONS have now been prorogued, that of Canterbury until the 9th and that of York until the 16th of March. Mr. Green's imprisonment occupied a good deal of attention in both assemblies. The Bishops of the Southern Provinces (those of Lichfield and St. Asaph's dissenting) considered that, "having regard to the serious legal and constitutional difficulties in the case, the House was precluded from approaching the Crown with a petition for Mr. Green's release." The Lower House of the Northern Province passed a resolution, by thirty-eight to eighteen, calling upon the Bishops to take some steps to procure Mr. Green's release, but the Upper House replied through the Archbishop that they had exhausted their suggestions and resources, and nothing more could be done.

THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF CATHEDRAL CITIES.—The Bishop of Exeter has received a petition, signed by the Dean of Manchester and sixty-seven other clergy who hold, or have held, parishes in cathedral cities. They express an earnest hope that his lordship may during the present Session be able to reintroduce his

Bill giving power to unite and otherwise deal with benefices in cathedral cities, and trust that it may become law and be largely carried into effect. "Our knowledge of the present state of many cathedral cities makes us sure that a measure of the kind would be very much for their advantage, and would be likely to lead to a great improvement in the religious condition of the people."

THE DIOCESE OF LONDON.—The Bishop of London has invited a number of laymen of all shades of opinion and of various social positions to meet him at Willis's Rooms on March 7th to consult with him as to the expediency and practicability of organising a Diocesan Conference for the Diocese of London. The majority of the clergy, before whom he has repeatedly brought the subject in their rural deaneries, appear to be desirous that a Conference such as has been established in every Diocese except three, Llandaff, Worcester, and his own, should be held in his Diocese. But the circumstances of London are so peculiar, and the difficulties of representation so great, that he feels that special consultation with the laity, whom he wishes to unite in one body with the clergy, is imperatively necessary.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—During Lent special Sunday evening services will be held in the choir, the shortened service being used, and the music being chanted by a choir of forty voices. All seats under the lantern and in the transepts will be perfectly free and unappropriated.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S FUND.—The report of the Executive Committee of this Fund shows that the total receipts last year were 17,381*l.* Increased support is required, and a public meeting is to be held in April with the view of reviving public interest in the Fund.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH ON THE CONTINENT.—A petition, signed by, among others, the Bishops of Ripon and Moray, Lord Plunket, the Bishop of Meath, Sir E. Thornton, K.C.B., British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and various chaplains and the members of their congregations, has been presented to the Archbishop of York, requesting him to endeavour to procure the appointment of a joint Committee of both Houses of Convocation of York, similar to that which has been appointed by the two Houses of Convocation of Canterbury, to consider the question of erecting a new Bishopric in connection with the work of the English Church upon the Continent, and, if deemed advisable, to collect funds for the object.

THE MACKONCHIE CASE.—The decision of the Judicial Committee in this appeal case, which was announced a few weeks ago, was on Tuesday read in Court by the Lord Chancellor, together with the reasons upon which it was based. The Judicial Committee declined to pronounce sentence of deprivation, because a Court of Final Appeal ought not to decide any cause in the first instance. It was, therefore, remitted to the lower Court for discussion and judgment.

CONTUMACIOUS CLERGYMEN.—Mr. Lloyd, M.P., has introduced a Bill which, if passed, will empower a judge of an Ecclesiastical Court to deprive a clergyman of his benefice, in case of contumacy in disobeying an order for suspension or inhibition, or in hindering an authorised clergyman from officiating in his stead. The Bill also substitutes three months for three years as the period after which a clergyman would be deprived under the Public Worship Regulation Act, and renders all clergymen who may be deprived or inhibited without any relaxation of the inhibition incapable of being presented to a living within five years of the deprivation or the inhibition.

"A LOWER FORM OF MARRIAGE."—An exceedingly singular petition has been sent to the Primate for presentation to the Upper House of Convocation. The petitioners, a clergyman and his wife, say that, though now married in the ordinary way, they some years ago "solemnly and deliberately entered into a state of concubinage in a private ceremony, which included a prayer to Almighty God and the giving and receiving of a ring," and they contend that this "lower form of marriage" is not forbidden or censured in Scripture, was allowed to Abraham and others, and expressly permitted by some of the canons of the Early Church. They go on to complain that the Bishop of London has "gravely erred" in forbidding them from Holy Communion, and depriving the male petitioner from exercising his sacred calling, and they appeal to Convocation to do justice between them and his lordship.



POPULAR CONCERTS.—That Joseph Joachim remains as we have always known him was clearly shown in Beethoven's magnificent quartet (No. 1 of the "Rasoumowsky" three), his own graceful *Andante* in B flat, and Paganini's *Caprice* in E—an ordeal for "virtuosity" if there ever was one. In the quartet he was associated with MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, whose delivery of the largely developed leading theme stamps the character of the opening movement at once, showing us to what good uses a great musician can put the violoncello, and "aesthetically" preparing us for all that is to follow. The pianist was Mlle. Marie Krebs, who played a *Nocturne* and *Impromptu* by Chopin. The singers were Misses Annie Marriott and Edith Millar, Handel in each instance being the composer called upon—first for an air from the opera *Allessandro*, then for a duet. The concert ended with the earliest of Beethoven's four Trios for violin, viola, and violoncello (in G), executed, it need scarcely be said how, by Joachim, Straus, and Piatti. Madame Schumann—all amateurs will be pleased to hear—has accepted a fresh engagement with Mr. Arthur Chappell, and is to make her first appearance on Monday evening, March 5.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—The meeting called by the Prince of Wales, to devise the means of instituting a Conservatory similar to those in Italy, Germany, and France, which provide "systematic" instruction for all classes, will be held in the Palace of St. James on Tuesday next, the 28th inst., His Royal Highness presiding. That there has been much controversy on the subject our readers need scarcely be informed; but now that nearly all the admitted authorities, amateurs, professionals, and literary, including the leading representatives of the press, are invited to attend, it is hoped that some scheme, about which there can be no reasonable diversion of opinion, may be proposed and adopted.

THE BACH CHOIR.—The feature of most immediate interest at the first of two concerts, announced for the present season by the Bach Choir, was the *Missa Papa Marcelli*, third of a set of three Masses, written at the instance of Pope Marcellus (Pius IV.), by Giovanni Pierluigi (better known as Palestrina), the most famous Italian church-musician of the sixteenth century. Some numbers from this Mass have been introduced at intervals; but, so far as we can remember, it has never till now been performed entire in England. The members of the Bach Society, and their able conductor, Otto Goldschmidt, may therefore feel proud of being the first to undertake a task of such importance, and of having achieved it in such a manner as won general approval. That the result was a *succès de curiosité* will be readily believed as that it was a *succès d'estime*, due to the age in which Palestrina flourished, and the efforts he made to sustain the dignity and promote the progress of his art

in its close relationship with the Church. Examples from the English school of ecclesiastical music—in the shape of W. Byrde's six-part anthem, "Sing Joyfully to the Lord," Dr. Greene's five-part anthem, "I Will Sing of Thy Power," and Sir Gore Ouseley's eight-part anthem, with organ *obbligato*, "Great is the Lord," sung in immediate succession at the opening of the concert—invited earnest attention. The lighter numbers of the programme, all more or less interesting, comprised English madrigals, by Wilbye and Walmisley, the former of the sixteenth, the latter of the nineteenth century; a four-part song, "Come Live with Me" (Marlowe), by Sterndale Bennett, who succeeded Walmisley and preceded G. A. Macfarren as Music Professor at Cambridge University; a German *Volklied* ("In Stiller Nacht"), harmonised by Brahms; Schumann's eight-part song, "Zuversicht," one of the Italian "chamber duets" of Handel; and J. S. Bach's cantata for double chorus, with organ accompaniment, "Nun est Heil," sung to an English paraphrase of the German text. Moreover, to complete this varied programme, there were two instrumental pieces—a sonata by the same Bach for *cembalo* and flute (Messrs. Stephen Kemp and Svensden), and one by Boccherini (in A) for violoncello with pianoforte accompaniment, the violoncellist being Signor Piatti, who has frequently performed it at the Popular Concerts. The quartet, "Crucifixus," in the Mass of Palestrina, was sung by Misses Robertson and Fasset, Messrs. Shakespeare and Kempton, the two ladies being entrusted with Handel's Italian duet. Mr. Goldschmidt conducted the entire concert.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The admirable Saturday Concerts are resumed after a lengthened interval. The programme of the first was excellent, and Mr. Manns, just returned from Scotland, where he has been directing the Glasgow Concerts and the Paisley Festival, was in his usual place, the audience giving him a welcome too cordial to be misunderstood. The symphony was Beethoven's No. 7 (A), the execution of which has for many years ranked among the most brilliant achievements of the Crystal Palace Orchestra. The pianist was Miss Agnes Zimmermann, who, besides solos by J. S. Bach, Rubinstein, and the too much neglected Stephen Heller, played the difficult concerto in C minor (No. 3) of Sterndale Bennett, whose music she has of recent years taken much into affection, introducing it frequently both at home and on the continent. The vocalists were Miss Mary Davies and Mr. Brereton (bass), who, besides singing solos, joined in the duet, "Crudel Perchè," from Mozart's *Figaro*. The concert began with a selection from an opera entitled *The Veiled Prophet*, the subject of which is built upon the first episode in Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. A German version of this opera has already been performed at Hanover, and the English original (libretto by Mr. Barclay Squire) was to have been brought out this season by Mr. Carl Rosa at Her Majesty's Theatre, had circumstances permitted. The selection on Saturday included the overture, two ballet movements, separated by a song for soprano (to the familiar stanzas, "There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream"). The music for the greater part made a highly favourable impression.

WAIFS.—M. Massenet is now at Milan, superintending the rehearsals of his *Herodiade*, positively to be given at the Scala. The Teatro Pagliano, Florence, opens in Lent with Bizet's *Carmen*.—The *Mefistofele* of Arrigo Boito is about to be given at the Teatro Nuovo, Pisa. Signor Boito's long-promised second opera seems to be a long while in consideration. Meanwhile it may be asked, What has become of his version of *Othello*, on which Verdi has so often been reported as busily engaged?—The season at the Vice-Regal Theatre in Cairo having come to an end, M. Larose, the Director, takes his "troop," for an engagement of six weeks, to Alexandria.—*Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, originally composed for and produced at the Paris Grand Opéra, in the Rue Lepeletier, with Sophie Cruvelli as the heroine (Hélène), during the International "Exposition" of 1855, will be performed at the Politeama, Palermo, on the approaching centennial of the famous historical event which Verdi's opera has strikingly commemorated.—The Italian Opera Season in Moscow begins on Wednesday next and ends on the 18th of March.—It is reported that MM. Faure, Capoul, and other well-known French dramatic vocalists have lost seriously by the recent financial crisis in France.—After a lapse of twelve years, Meyerbeer's great military opera, *L'Etoile du Nord*, has been revived at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, under the direction of Herr Dessoff.—Wagner's *Tannhauser*, adapted for the Russian stage, and in the Russian language, was produced at Moscow on the 28th of last month, and received with favour.—M. Gounod himself will direct the performances of *Faust* at the Monte Carlo, with Albani, Faure, Maurel, and Gayarre in the leading characters.—Mr. Geaussen's choir gave their second concert on Tuesday evening at St. James's Hall. The chief piece of the evening was Spohr's cantata, "God, Thou Art Great," the choruses of which were effectively rendered by the choir, under Mr. Geaussen's conductorship, the solo parts being taken by Miss Mary Davies, Miss McKenzie, Mr. E. Lloyd, and a member of the choir, as Mr. Oswald was unavoidably absent. Hecht's "Charge of the Light Brigade" was also given with much spirit, as well as several part songs. Mr. Charles Hallé played Beethoven's "Pastoral Sonata" (Op. 28), and altogether the audience found the programme very enjoyable.



THE revival at the GLOBE Theatre of Messrs. Meritt and Conquest's *Mankind*, originally brought out at the Surrey last summer, must be regarded as a token of the intention of Miss Litton and the company associated with her to turn their attention to romantic drama of the thrilling kind. In this ingenious and elaborate piece we have quite a surfeit of desperate contrivances and perilous situations—scene succeeding scene both ashore and afloat in bewildering succession. Lost documents and a lost child furnish, we need hardly say, the main thread of the story, and really marvellous cleverness and invention are exhibited in giving to the pursuit of these objects new turns of interest. We cannot say that *Mankind* is a work of any great literary pretensions. Its lines are somewhat coarsely cut, after the fashion of suburban melodramatists, and truth and probability are not merely disregarded, but occasionally rather recklessly defied. Yet it is harmless as far as any offences against good morals are concerned, and its story unquestionably interests. One at least of its scenes—that in which the three men sit down, each believing that he has stolen a march upon the other, and obtained possession of a certain document, though, as it proves, neither really has it—may fairly be said to come within the province of true comedy; and it affords at any rate much entertainment. Nor must we forget to praise the character of Old Groodge, which in the hands of Mr. George Conquest is a creation of singular truth and intensity. On the opening night an unfortunate accident befel Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Miss Litton, who assumed the characters of the hero and heroine. This was occasioned by the overturning of the boat in which the former was supposed to be proceeding to save the lady from drowning at sea. It was serious enough to compel Mr. Bellew to retire after a gallant effort to continue, and he has since been compelled to rest, though it is hoped he will be able to

reappear together with Miss Litton on Monday. The play is put on the stage with picturesque scenery and effects, and promises to achieve new popularity on this side of the Thames.

A special performance was given at the SAVOY on Tuesday afternoon of Mr. Gilbert's poetical play, entitled *Broken Hearts*, originally produced at the Court Theatre in 1875. Unfortunately Mr. Kyrle Bellew was prevented by his untoward accident at the Globe Theatre only the night before from sustaining the character of the hero, Prince Florian, hence Mr. Gilbert himself was compelled upon this scanty notice to undertake the part. He acquitted himself under these circumstances remarkably well, and though the performance necessarily lacked much of the breadth and force of style which we expect of the finished actor, its deficiencies were at no point sufficiently marked to mar the spectator's enjoyment of this fanciful and interesting play. No one of the original representatives of the personages reappears on this occasion. Mrs. Kendal's part of the Lady Hilda is now allotted to Mrs. Bernard Beere, whose forte lies perhaps more in the field of romantic drama than in that of poetry and dreamland, but who nevertheless speaks the verse of her part with commendable attention to rhythm and emphasis, and in the grave situations of the play displays genuine power of a pathetic kind. Mr. Vezin's impersonation of Mousa, the deformed attendant, was not equal to Mr. Anson's for breadth and sustained vigour, but was nevertheless a picturesque and forcible piece of acting. The touching part of the Lady Vavir, in which Miss Hollingshead suddenly burst into fame at the Court Theatre, is now played by Miss Marion Terry in a tender if somewhat monotonous vein. The fine woodland scene in which the action is represented affords substantial aid to the spectator's imagination; and on the whole the revival won much favour.

The death of Madame Celeste, so long a popular favourite at the Adelphi, which took place at her residence, No. 18, Rue Chapeyron, Paris, last week, is an event which will awaken many recollections in the minds of middle-aged playgoers. She was probably the first foreign lady with a strongly marked foreign accent who ever won a high position in "speaking parts" upon our stage. At first, it is true, she was admired chiefly for her graceful pantomime, as she had been in an earlier stage of her career here; for her dancing. Afterwards she was wont to select, or rather authors were accustomed to provide for her, parts in which defective English and a French accent were rather advantages than otherwise; but such was her spirit, vivacity, and tact that she often enough, in playing an English girl, induced her audiences to forget these anomalous peculiarities; though really it might be said that she never acquired more than the most superficial knowledge of our language. She had appeared of late years once or twice in a fitful way in some of her old parts; and even a series of representations of this sort was organised on her behalf at the Adelphi a few years ago. It was then found that her Miami in *The Green Bushes*, and similar impersonations, still retained something of their old picturesque force and pathetic touches. More recently that terrible disease, cancer, embittered her life, and compelled her to live in the retirement in which she died.

The dinner given by the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House on Sunday evening last was strictly of a private character. It included a few literary gentlemen and personal friends of His Royal Highness, and a considerable number of actors, including Messrs. Irving, Bancroft, Kendal, Hare, Toole, and numerous other popular performers. Mr. Byron, who had been invited, was unfortunately too unwell to attend.

Madame Modjeska appears to be arousing extraordinary enthusiasm in Warsaw, where, though she is a Polish lady, she is far less known as an actress than in England or the United States. Her "calls" before the curtain at the Imperial Theatre range nightly from thirty to fifty!

The new ROYAL AVENUE Theatre will open on the 11th of March with a revival of *Madame Fawcett*, in which M. Marius and Miss Florence St. John resume their original parts.

A new comedy drama by Mr. Byron is in rehearsal at the CRITERION.

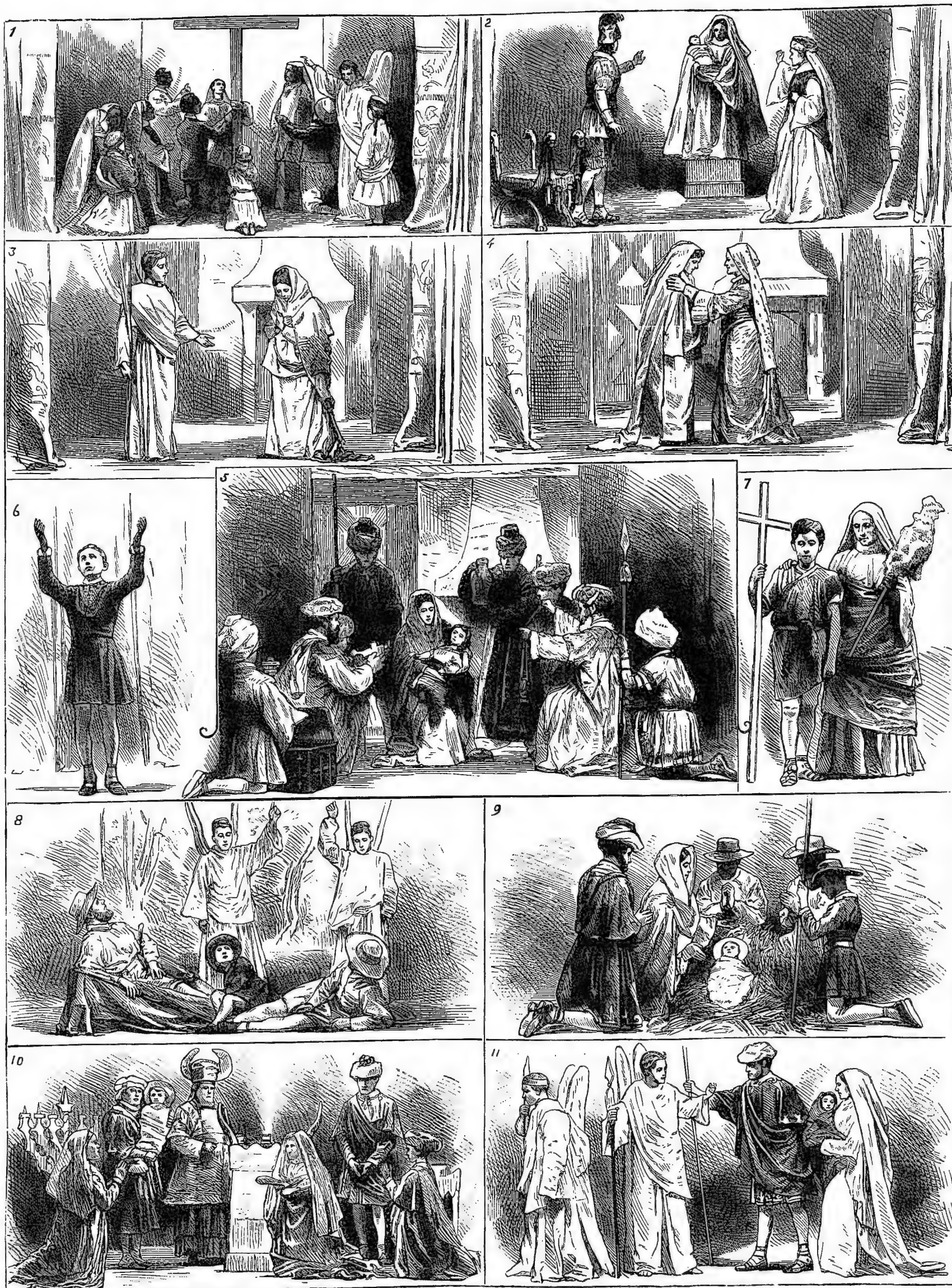
Yesterday a morning performance of *The Merchant of Venice*, in aid of the fund for Irish Ladies in Distress was to take place at the GLOBE Theatre. The cast included Mr. A. Beaumont as Antonio, Mr. E. H. Brooke as Bassanio, Mr. Frank Trafford as Shylock, and Mr. F. W. Irish as Lancelot Gobbo; while Miss Alma Murray, who acquitted herself so well when playing Portia at the Lyceum two years ago, during the brief indisposition of Miss Ellen Terry, again assumes the part of the heiress of Belmont. Many would be glad again to see this clever young actress in a part which affords scope for the exercise of her undoubted talent.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—On Tuesday, February 28th, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain will produce a new entertainment, in two parts, entitled *The Head of the Poll*, written by Arthur Law, the music by Eaton Fanning; and Mr. Corney Grain will give a new musical sketch, entitled *Not at Home*.



THE TURF.—For the interval between now and the opening of the "legitimate" season at Lincoln, the programme is pretty full with steeplechase, hurdle, and hunt fixtures. During the present week men and horses have been at work at Doncaster, Manchester, and Sandown Park, but for the most part small fields have been the order of the day, the long continuance of open weather each week telling its tale more plainly, and showing the increasing scarcity of horseflesh in sound condition. At Sandown Park things were unusually flat, notwithstanding the presence of the Prince of Wales and the enjoyable weather. The steeplechase named after his Royal Highness was won by the Duke of Hamilton's Valahaka, who has shown some very good form in this country. Floating Feather, with Mr. Coventry up, would have landed the Open Hunters' Steeplechase had she not "come to grief," but, as it was, the race fell to Ethiopian; and in the Cardinal's Hurdle Race Soapduds, who had the race in hand, was "shot on the post" by Young Duke, and beaten by a neck, his rider apparently having been "caught napping." On the second day the Sandown Grand Prize Hurdle Race was the chief event; but "grand" it hardly was, as only four competitors came to the post, of whom Scot Guard was made favourite, at 7 to 4 against, with Piræus, a good performer on the flat last autumn, next in demand. Falmouth, a gay deceiver at the legitimate business, but thought likely to distinguish himself over the "sticks," made the running for a considerable part of the journey, the other three constantly changing places. After about a mile and a-half the leader dropped back, and Piræus, blundering at one of the hurdles, left the race to the favourite and Minnie Hawk, who was beaten pretty easily.—There has been little change in the Turf market for various coming events since our last notes. Dutch Oven has appeared once or twice on the Heath, having made quicker progress towards recovery than was expected, and backers are found to take 7 to 1 against her for the Two Thousand. Nellie is still absent from exercise. For the Lincoln Handicap Hesper has become first favourite again at 16 to 1, and consequently his owner, who has the nice little wager of 10,000*l.* to 100*l.* against him for this the third in

(Continued on page 198)



1. The Vision of the Cross.—2. Vision of the Ara Coeli.—3. The Annunciation.—4. The Salutation of Elizabeth.—5. The Visit of the Wise Men.—6. The Child Jesus.—7. Elizabeth and St. John the Baptist.—8. Apparition of Angels to the Shepherds.—9. The Manger at Bethlehem.—10. The Presentation of the Infant Jesus in the Temple.—11. The Flight into Egypt.

RELIGIOUS TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT ROUS LENCH, WORCESTERSHIRE



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

Hampstead was coaxed down to Castle Hautboy for a month in September, with an idea that the young lovers might be as romantic as they pleased among the Lakes. Some little romance there was.

MARION FAY: A Novel

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &C., &C

CHAPTER XXV.

MARION'S VIEWS ABOUT MARRIAGE

WHEN Lord Hampstead shut the door behind him, Marion went slowly up the stairs to Mrs. Roden who had returned to her drawing-room. When she entered, her friend was standing near the door, with anxiety plainly written on her face,—with almost more than anxiety. She took Marion by the hand and, kissing her, led her to the sofa. "I would have stopped him if I could," she said.

"Why should you have stopped him?"

"Such things should be considered more."

"He had made it too late for considering to be of service. I knew, I almost knew, that he would come."

"You did?"

"I can tell myself now that I did, though I could not say it even to myself before." There was a smile on her face as she spoke, and, though her colour was heightened, there was none of that peculiar flush which Mrs. Roden so greatly feared to see. Nor was there any special excitement in her manner. There was no look either of awe or of triumph. She seemed to take it as a matter of course, quite as much at least as any Lady Amaldina could have done, who might have been justified by her position in expecting that some young noble eldest son would fling himself at her feet.

"And are you ready with your answer?" Marion turned her eyes towards her friend, but made no immediate reply. "My darling girl,—for you in truth are very dear to me,—much thought should be given to such an appeal as that before any answer is made."

"I have thought."

"And are you ready?"

"I think so. Dear Mrs. Roden, do not look at me like that. If I do not have more to tell you immediately it is because I am not perhaps quite sure;—not sure of the reasons I may have to give. I will come to you to-morrow and then I will tell you."

There was room then at any rate for hope! If the girl had not quite resolved to grasp at the high destiny offered to her, it was still her friend's duty to say something that might influence her.

"Marion, dear!"

"Say all that you think, Mrs. Roden. Surely you know that I know that whatever may come from you will come in love. I have no mother, and to whom can I go better than to you to fill a mother's place?"

"Dear Marion, it is thus I feel towards you. What I would say

to you I would say to my own child. There are great differences in the ranks of men."

"I never felt that."

"And though I do in my honest belief think that the best and honestest of God's creatures are not always to be found among so-called nobles, yet I think that a certain great respect should be paid to those whom chance has raised to high places."

"Do I not respect him?"

"I hope so. But perhaps you may not show it best by loving him."

"As to that, it is a matter in which one can, perhaps, hardly control oneself. If asked for love it will come from you like water from a fountain. Unless it be so, then it cannot come at all."

"That surely is a dangerous doctrine for a young woman."

"Young women, I think, are compassed by many dangers," said Marion; "and I know but one way of meeting them."

"What way is that, dear?"

"I will tell you, if I can find how to tell it, to-morrow."

"There is one point, Marion, on which I feel myself bound to warn you, as I endeavoured also to warn him. To him my words seemed to have availed nothing; but you, I think, are more reasonable. Unequal marriages never make happy either the one side or the other."

"I hope I may do nothing to make him unhappy."

"Unhappy for a moment you must make him;—for a month perhaps, or for a year; though it were for years, what would that be to his whole life?"

"For years?" said Marion. "No, not for years. Would it be more than for days, do you think?"

"I cannot tell what may be the nature of the young man's heart;—nor can you. But as to that, it cannot be your duty to take much thought. Of his lasting welfare you are bound to think."

"Oh, yes; of that certainly;—of that above all things."

"I mean as to this world. Of what may come afterwards to one so little known we here can hardly dare to speak,—or even to think of his welfare in this life."

"I cannot but think of his eternal welfare also," said Marion.

"Unequal marriages are always unhappy," said Mrs. Roden, repeating her great argument.

"Always?"

"I fear so. Could you be happy if his great friends, his father, and his stepmother, and all those high-born lords and ladies who are connected with him,—could you be happy if they frowned on you?"

"What would their frowns be to me? If he smiled I should be happy. If the world were light and bright to him, it would certainly be light and bright to me."

"I thought so once, Marion. I argued with myself once just as you are arguing now."

"Nay, Mrs. Roden, I am hardly arguing."

"It was just so that I spoke to myself, saying that the joy which I took in a man's love would certainly be enough for my happiness. But oh, alas! I fell to the ground. I will tell you now more of myself than I have told any one for many a year, more even than I have told George. I will tell you because I know that I can trust your faith."

"Yes; you can trust me," said Marion.

"I also married greatly; greatly, as the world's honours are concerned. In mere rank I stood as a girl higher perhaps than you do now. But I was lifted out of my own degree, and in accepting the name which my husband gave me I assured myself that I would do honour to it by my conduct. I did it no dishonour;—but my marriage was most unfortunate."

"Was he good?" asked Marion.

"He was weak. Are you sure that Lord Hampstead is strong? He was fickle-hearted. Can you be sure that Lord Hampstead will be constant amidst the charms of others whose manners will be more like his own than yours can be?"

"I think he would be constant," said Marion.

"Because you are ready to worship him who has condescended to step down from his high pedestal and worship you. Is it not so?"

"It may be that it is so," said Marion.

"Ah, yes, my child. It may be that it is so. And then, think of what may follow,—not only for him but for you also; not only for you, but for him also. Broken hearts, crushed ambitions, hopes all dead, personal dislikes, and perhaps hatred."

"Not hatred; not hatred."

"I lived to be hated;—and why not another?" Then she was silent, and Marion rising from her seat kissed her, and went away to her home.

She had very much to think of. Though she had declared that she had almost expected this offer from her lover, still it could not be that the Quaker girl, the daughter of Zachary Fay, Messrs. Poyson and Littlebird's clerk, should not be astounded by having such an offer from such a suitor as Lord Hampstead. But in truth the glory of the thing was not very much to her. It was something, no doubt. It must be something to a girl to find that her own personal charms have sufficed to lure down from his lofty perch

the topmost bird of them all. That Marion was open to some such weakness may be acknowledged of her. But of the coronet, of the diamonds, of the lofty title, and high seats, of the castle, and the parks, and well-arranged equipages, of the rich dresses, of the obsequious servants, and fawning world that would be gathered around her, it may be said that she thought not at all. She had in her short life seen one man who had pleased her ear and her eye, and had touched her heart; and that one man had instantly declared himself to be all her own. That made her bosom glow with some feeling of triumph!

That same evening she abruptly told the whole story to her father. "Father," she said, "Lord Hampstead was here to-day."

"Here, in this house?"

"Not in this house. But I met him at our friend's, whom I went to see, as is my custom almost daily."

"I am glad he came not here," said the Quaker.

"Why should you be glad?" To this the Quaker made no answer.

"His purpose was to have come here. It was to see me that he came."

"To see thee?"

"Father, the young lord has asked me to be his wife."

"Asked thee to be his wife!"

"Yes, indeed. Have you not often heard that young men may be infatuated? It has chanced that I have been the Cinderella for his eyes."

"But thou art no princess, child."

"And, therefore, am unfit to mate with this prince. I could not answer him at once, father. It was too sudden for me to find the words. And the place was hardly fitting. But I have found them now."

"What words, my child?"

"I will tell him with all respect and deference,—nay, I will tell him with some love, for I love him,—that it will become him to look for his wife elsewhere."

"Marion," said the Quaker, who was somewhat moved by those things which had altogether failed with the girl herself; "Marion, must it be so?"

"Father, it must certainly be so."

"And yet thou lovest him?"

"Though I were dying for his love it must be so."

"Why, my child, why? As far as I saw the young man he is good and gracious, of great promise, and like to be true-hearted."

"Good, and gracious, and true-hearted! Oh, yes! And would you have it that I should bring such a one as that to sorrow,—perhaps to disgrace?"

"Why to sorrow? Why to disgrace?" Wouldst thou be more likely to disgrace a husband than one of those painted Jezebels who know no worship but that of their faded beauty? Thou hast not answered him, Marion?"

"No, father. He is to come on Friday for my answer."

"Think of it yet again, my child. Three days are no time for considering a matter of such moment. Bid him leave you for ten days further."

"I am ready now," said Marion.

"And yet thou lovest him! That is not true to nature; Marion. I would not bid thee take a man's hand because he is rich and great if thou couldst not give him thy heart in return. I would not have thee break any law of God or man for the glitter of gold or tinsel of rank. But the good things of this world, if they be come by honestly, are good. And the love of an honest man, if thou lovest him thyself in return, is not of the less worth because he stands high in wealth and in honour."

"Shall I think nothing of him, father?"

"Yea, verily; it will be thy duty to think of him, almost exclusively of him,—when thou shalt be his wife."

"Then, father, shall I never think of him?"

"Wilt thou pay no heed to my words, so as to crave from him further time for thought?"

"Not a moment. Father, thou must not be angry with thy child for this. My own feelings tell me true. My own heart, and my own heart alone, can dictate to me what I shall say to him. There are reasons—"

"What reasons?"

"There are reasons why my mother's daughter should not marry this man." Then there came a cloud across his brow, and he looked at her as though almost overcome by his anger. It seemed as though he strove to speak;—but he sat for awhile in silence. Then rising from his chair he left the room, and did not see her again that night.

This was on a Tuesday, on the Wednesday he did not speak to her on the subject. The Thursday was Christmas Day, and she went to church with Mrs. Roden. Nor did he on that day allude to the matter; but in the evening she made to him a little request.

"To-morrow, father, is a holiday, is it not, in the City?"

"So they tell me. I hate such tom-fooleries. When I was young a man might be allowed to earn his bread on all lawful days of the week. Now he is expected to spend the wages he cannot earn in drinking and shows."

"Father, you must leave me here alone after our dinner. He will come for his answer."

"And you will give it?"

"Certainly, father, certainly. Do not question me further, for it must be as I told you." Then he left her as he had done before; but he did not urge her with any repetition of his request.

This was what occurred between Marion and her father; but on the Wednesday she had gone to Mrs. Roden as she had promised, and there explained her purpose more fully than she had before been able to do. "I have come, you see," she said, smiling. "I might have told you all at once, for I have changed nothing of my mind since first he spoke to me all so suddenly in the passage down stairs."

"Are you so sure of yourself?"

"Quite sure;—quite sure. Do you think I would hurt him?"

"No, no. You would not, I know, do so willingly."

"And yet I must hurt him a little. I hope it will hurt him just a little." Mrs. Roden stared at her. "Oh, if I could make him understand it all! If I could bid him be a man, so that it should wound him only for a short time."

"What wound?"

"Did you think that I could take him, I, the daughter of a City clerk, to go and sit in his halls, and shame him before all the world, because he had thought fit to make me his wife? Never!"

"Marion, Marion!"

"Because he has made a mistake which has honoured me, shall I mistake also, so as to dishonour him? Because he has not seen the distance, shall I be blind to it? He would have given himself up for me. Shall I not be able to make a sacrifice? To such a one as I am to sacrifice myself is all that I can do in the world."

"Is it such a sacrifice?"

"Could it be that I should not love him? When such a one comes, casting his pearls about, throwing sweet odours through the air, whispering words which are soft-sounding as music in the heavens, whispering them to me, casting them at me, turning on me the laughing glances of his young eyes, how could I help to love him? Do you remember when for a moment he knelt almost at my feet, and told me that I was his friend, and spoke to me of his heart? Did you think that that did not move me?"

"So soon, my child;—so soon?"

"In a moment. Is it not so that it is done always?"

"Hearts are harder than that, Marion."

"Mine, I think, was so soft just then that the half of his sweet

things would have ravished it from my bosom. But I feel for myself that there are two parts in me. Though the one can melt away, and pass altogether from my control, can gush like water that runs out and cannot be checked, the other has something in it of hard substance which can stand against blows, even from him."

"What is that something, Marion?"

"Nay, I cannot name it. I think it be another heart, of finer substance, or it may be it is woman's pride, which will suffer all things rather than hurt the one it loves. I know myself. No words from him,—no desire to see his joy, as he would be joyful, if I told him that I could give him all he asks,—no longing for all his love could do for me, shall move me one tittle. He shall tell himself to his dying day that the Quaker girl, because she loved him, was true to his interests."

"My child;—my child!" said Mrs. Roden, taking Marion in her arms.

"Do you think that I do not know,—that I have forgotten? Was it nothing to me to see my mother die, and her little ones? Do I not know that I am not, as others are, free to wed, not a lord like that, but even one of my own standing? Mrs. Roden, if I can live till my poor father shall have gone before me, so that he may not be left alone when the weakness of age shall have come upon him,—then,—then I shall be satisfied to follow them. No dream of loving had ever crossed my mind. He has come, and without my mind, the dream has been dreamed. I think that my lot will be happier so than if I had passed away without any feeling such as that I have now. Perhaps he will not marry till I am gone."

"Would that hurt you so sorely?"

"It ought not. It shall not. It will be well that he should marry, and I will not wish to cause him evil. He will have gone away, and I shall hardly know of it. Perhaps they will not tell me." Mrs. Roden could only embrace her, sobbing, wiping her eyes with piteousness. "But I will not begrudge aught of the sacrifice," she continued. "There is nothing, I think, sweeter than to deny oneself all things for love. What are our lessons for but to teach us that? Shall I not do unto him as it would be well for me that some such girl should do for my sake if I were such as he?"

"Oh, Marion, you have got the better part."

"And yet,—and yet— I would that he should feel a little because he cannot have the toy that has pleased his eye. What was it that he saw in me, do you think?" As she asked the question she cheered up wonderfully.

"The beauty of your brow and eyes,—the softness of your woman's voice."

"Nay, but I think it was my Quaker dress. His eye, perhaps, likes things all of a colour. I had, too, new gloves, and a new frock when he saw me. How well I remember his coming,—how he would glance round at me till I hardly knew whether I was glad that he should observe me so much,—or offended at his persistence. I think that I was glad, though I told myself that he should not have glanced at me so often. And then, when he asked us to go down to his house I did long,—I did long,—to win father's consent to the journey. Had he not gone—"

"Do not think of it, Marion."

"That I will not promise;—but I will not talk of it. Now, dear Mrs. Roden, let all then be as though it had never been. I do not mean to mope, or to neglect my work because a young lord has crossed my path and told me that he loves me. I must send him from me, and then I will be just as I have been always." Having made this promise she went away, leaving Mrs. Roden much more flurried by the interview than was she herself. When the Friday came, holiday as it was, the Quaker took himself off to the City after dinner, without another word as to his daughter's lover.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LORD HAMPSTEAD IS IMPATIENT

HAMPSTEAD, when he was sent away from Paradise Row, and bade to wait till Friday for an answer, was disappointed, almost cross, and unreasonable in his feelings towards Mrs. Roden. To Mrs. Roden altogether he attributed it that Marion had deferred her reply. Whether the delay thus enjoined told well or ill for his hopes he could not bring himself to determine. As he drove himself home his mind was swayed now in one direction and now in the other. Unless she loved him somewhat, unless she thought it possible that she should love him, she would hardly have asked for time to think of it all. And yet, had she really have loved him, why should she have asked for time? He had done for her all that a man could do for a girl, and if she loved him she should not have tormented him by foolish delays,—by coying her love!

It should be said on his behalf that he attributed to himself no preponderance of excellence, either on the score of his money or his rank. He was able so to honour the girl as to think of her that such things would go for nothing with her. It was not that he had put his coronet at her feet, but his heart. It was of that he thought when he reminded himself of all that he had done for her, and told himself angrily that she should not have tormented him. He was as arrogant and impatient of disappointment as any young lord of them all,—but it was not, however, because he was a lord that he thought that Marion's heart was due to him.

"I have been over to Holloway," he said to his sister, almost as soon as he had returned.

Out of the full heart the mouth speaks. "Have you seen George?" asked Lady Frances.

"No; I did not go to see him. He, of course, would be at his office during the day. I went about my own business."

"You need not be so savage with me, John. What was your own business at Holloway?"

"I went to ask Marion Fay to be my wife."

"You did?"

"Yes; I did. Why should I not? It seems the fashion for us all now to marry just those we fancy best."

"And why not? Have I gainsaid you? If this Quaker's daughter be good and honest, and fair to look at—"

"That she is fair to look at I can say certainly. That she is good I believe thoroughly. That she is honest, at any rate to me, I cannot say as yet."

"Not honest?"

"She will not steal or pick a pocket, if you mean that."

"What is it, John? Why do you speak of her in this way?"

"Because I have chosen to tell you. Having made up my mind to do this thing, I would not keep it secret as though I were ashamed of it. How can I say that she is honest till she has answered me honestly?"

"What answer has she made you?" she asked.

"None;—as yet! She has told me to come again another day."

"I like her better for that."

"Why should you like her better? Just because you're a woman, and think that shilly-shallying and pretending not to know your own mind, and keeping a fellow in suspense, is becoming. I am not going to change my mind about Marion; but I do think that much hesitation is unnecessary, and in some degree dishonest."

"Must it necessarily be mock hesitation? Ought she not to be sure of herself that she can love you?"

"Certainly; or that she should not love me. I am not such a puppy as to suppose that she is to throw herself into my arms just because I ask her. But I think that she must have known something of herself so as to have been able to tell me either to hope or not to hope. She was as calm as a Minister in the House of Commons answering a question; and she told me to wait till Friday

just as those fellows do when they have to find out from the clerks in the office what it is they ought to say."

"You will go again on Friday?" she asked.

"Of course I must. It is not likely that she should come to me. And then if she says that she'd rather not I must come home once more with my tail between my legs."

"I do not think she will say that."

"How can you tell?"

"It is the nature of a girl, I think," said Lady Frances, "to doubt a little when she thinks that she can love, but not to doubt at all when she feels that she cannot. She may be persuaded afterwards to change her mind, but at first she is certain enough."

"I call that shilly-shally."

"Not at all. The girl I'm speaking of is honest throughout. And Miss Fay will have been honest should she accept you now. It is not often that such a one as you, John, can ask a girl in vain."

"That is mean," he said, angrily. "That is imputing falseness, and greed, and dishonour to the girl I love." If she has liked some fellow clerk in her father's office better than she likes me, shall she accept me merely because I am my father's son?"

"It was not that of which I was thinking. A man may have personal gifts which will certainly prevail with a girl young and unsullied by the world, as I suppose is your Marion Fay."

"Bosh," he said, laughing. "As far as personal gifts are concerned one fellow is pretty nearly the same as another. A girl has to be good-looking. A man has got to have something to buy bread and cheese with. After that it is all a mere matter of liking and disliking—unless, indeed, people are dishonest, which they very often are."

Up to this period of his life Lord Hampstead had never met any girl whom he had thought it desirable to make his wife. It was now two years since the present Marchioness had endeavoured to arrange an alliance between him and her own niece, Lady Amaldina Hauteville. This, though but two years had passed since, seemed to him to have occurred at a distant period of his life. Very much had occurred to him during those two years. His political creed had been strengthened by the convictions of others, especially by those of George Roden, till it had included those advanced opinions which have been described. He had annoyed, and then dismayed, his father by his continued refusal to go into Parliament. He had taken to himself ways of living of his own, which gave to him the manners and appearance of more advanced age. At that period, two years since, his stepmother still conceived high hopes of him, even though he would occasionally utter in her presence opinions which seemed to be terrible. He was then not of age, and there would be time enough for a woman of her tact and intellect to cure all those follies. The best way of curing them, she thought, would be by arranging a marriage between the heir to the Marquisate and the daughter of so distinguished a Conservative Peer as her brother-in-law, Lord Persiflage. Having this high object in view, she opened the matter with diplomatic caution to her sister, Lady Persiflage had at that moment begun to regard Lord Llwddylthw as a possible son-in-law, but was alive to the fact that Lord Hampstead possessed some superior advantages. It was possible that her girl should really love such a one as Lord Hampstead,—hardly possible that there should be anything romantic in a marriage with the heir of the Duke of Merioneth. As far as wealth and rank went there was enough in both competitors. She whispered therefore to her girl the name of the younger aspirant,—aspirant as he might be hoped to be,—and the girl was not opposed to the idea. Only let there be no falling to the ground between two stools; no starving for want of fodder between two bundles of hay! Lord Llwddylthw had already begun to give symptoms. No doubt he was bald; no doubt he was pre-occupied with Parliament and the county. There was no doubt that his wife would have to encounter that touch of ridicule which a young girl incurs when she marries a man altogether removed beyond the world of romance. But dukes are scarce, and the man of business was known to be a man of high honour. There would be no gambling, no difficulties, no possible question of a want of money. And then his politics were the grandest known in England,—those of an old Tory willing always to work for his party without desiring any of those rewards which the "party" wishes to divide among as select a number as possible. What Lord Hampstead might turn out to be there was as yet no knowing. He had already declared himself to be a Radical. He was fond of hunting, and it was quite on the cards that he should take to Newmarket. Then, too, his father might live for five-and-twenty years, whereas the Duke of Merioneth was already nearly eighty. But Hampstead was as beautiful as a young Phœbus, and the pair would instantly become famous if only from their good looks alone. The chance was given to Lady Amaldina, but only given on the understanding that she must make very quick work of her time.

Hampstead was coaxed down to Castle Hautboy for a month in September, with an idea that the young lovers might be as romantic as they pleased among the Lakes. Some little romance there was; but at the end of the first week Amaldina wisely told her mother that the thing wouldn't do. She would always be glad to regard Lord Hampstead as a cousin, but as to anything else there must be an end of it. "I shall some day give up my title and abandon the property to Freddy. I shall then go to the United States and do the best I can there to earn my own bread." This little speech, made by the proposed lover to the girl he was expected to marry, opened Lady Amaldina's eyes to the danger of her situation. Lord Llwddylthw was induced to spend two days in the following month at Castle Hautboy, and then the arrangements for the Welsh alliance were completed.

From that time forth a feeling of ill-will on the part of Lady Kingsbury towards her stepson had grown and become strong from month to month. She had not at first conceived any idea that her Lord Frederic ought to come to the throne. That had come gradually when she perceived, or thought that she perceived, that Hampstead would hardly make a marriage properly aristocratic. Hitherto no tidings of any proposed marriage had reached her ears. She lived at last in daily fear, as any marriage would be the almost sure forerunner of a little Lord Highgate. If something might happen,—something which she had taught herself as beneficent and befitting rather than fatal,—something which might ensure to her little Lord Frederic those prospects which he had almost a right to expect, then in spite of all her sufferings Heaven would have done something for her for which she might be thankful. "What will her ladyship say when she hears of my maid Marion?" said Hampstead to his sister on the Christmas Day before his further visit to Holloway.

"Will it matter much?" asked Lady Frances.

"I think my feelings towards her are softer than yours. She is silly, arrogant, harsh, and insolent to my father, and altogether unprincipled in her expectations and ambitions."

"What a character you give her," said his sister.

"But nevertheless I feel for her to such an extent that I almost think I ought to abolish myself."

"I cannot say that I feel for her."

"It is all for her son that she wants it; and I agree with her in thinking that Freddy will be better fitted than I am for the position in question. I am determined to marry Marion if I can get her; but all the Traffords, unless it be yourself, will be broken-hearted at such a marriage. If once I have a son of my own the matter will be hopeless. If I were to call myself Snooks, and refused to take a shilling from the property, I should do them no good. Marion's boy would be just as much in their way as I am."

"What a way of looking at it!"



WINTER LIFE IN CANADA—A SKATING CARNIVAL AT OTTAWA

"How my stepmother will hate her! A Quaker's daughter! A clerk at Pogson and Littlebird's! Living at Paradise Row! Can't you see her! Is it not hard upon her that we should both go to Paradise Row?" Lady Frances could not keep herself from laughing. "You can't do her any permanent injury because you are only a girl; but I think she will poison me. It will end in her getting Mr. Greenwood to give me some broth."

"John, you are too terrible."

"If I could be on the jury afterwards, I would certainly acquit them both on the ground of extreme provocation."

Early on the following morning he was in a fidget, having fixed no hour for his visit to Holloway. It was not likely that she should be out or engaged, but he determined not to go till after lunch. All employment was out of the question, and he was rather a trouble to his sister; but in the course of the morning there came a letter which did for a while occupy his thoughts. The envelope was addressed in a hand he did not know, and was absurdly addressed to the

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,
"LORD HAMPSTEAD,"

"I wonder who this ass is," said he, tearing it open. The ass was Samuel Crocker, and the letter was as follows:—

"HEATHCOTE STREET,
"MECKLENBURG SQUARE,
"Christmas Day, 18—.

"MY DEAR LORD HAMPSTEAD,

"I hope I may be excused for addressing your lordship in this familiar manner. I take occasion of this happy day to write to your lordship on a message of peace. Since I had the honour of meeting you at your noble uncle's mansion, Castle Hautboy, I have considered it one of the greatest delights of my life to be able to boast of your acquaintance. You will not I am sure forget that we have been fellow sportsmen, and that we rode together on that celebrated run when we killed the fox in the field just over Airey Force. I shall never forget the occasion, or how well your lordship went over our rough country. To my mind there is no bond of union so strong as that of sport.

"Up strikes little Davy with his musical horn."

"I am sure you will remember that, my lord, and the beautiful song to which it belongs. I remember, too, how, as we were riding home after the run, your lordship was talking all the way about our mutual friend, George Roden.

"He is a man for whom I have a most sincere regard, both as being an excellent public servant, and as a friend of your lordship's. It is quite a pleasure to see the way in which he devotes himself to the service,—as I do also. When you have taken the Queen's shilling you ought to earn it. Those are my principles, my lord. We have a couple of young fellows there whose only object it is to get through the day and eat their lunches. I always tell them that official hours ain't their own. I suppose they'll understand me some day.

"But as I was saying to your lordship about George Roden, there has something come up which I don't quite understand which seems to have turned him against me. Nothing has ever given me so much pleasure as when I heard of his prospects as to a certain matter—which your lordship will know what I mean. Nothing could be more flattering than the way I've wished him joy ever so many times. So I do also your lordship and her ladyship, because he is a most respectable young man, though his station in life isn't so high as some people's. But a clerk in H.M.S. has always been taken for a gentleman, which I am proud to think is my position as well as his.

"But, as I was saying to your lordship, something seems to have gone against him as to our mutual friendship. He sits there opposite and won't speak a word to me except just to answer a question,—and that hardly civil. He is as sweet as sugar to those fellows who ain't at the same desk with him as I am,—or I should think it was his future prospects were making him upsetting. Couldn't your lordship do something to make things up between us again,—especially on this festive occasion? I'm sure your lordship will remember how pleasant we were together at Castle Hautboy, and at the hunt, and especially as we were riding home together on that day. I did take the liberty of calling at Hendon Hall, when her ladyship was kind enough to see me. Of course there was a delicacy in speaking to her ladyship about Mr. Roden, which nobody could understand better than I do; but I think she made me something of a promise that she would say a word when a proper time might come.

"It could only have been a joke of mine; and I do joke sometimes, as your lordship may have observed. But I shouldn't think Roden would be the man to be mortally offended by anything of that sort. Anyway I will leave the matter in your lordship's hands, merely remarking that,—as your lordship may remember,—'Blessed are the peacemakers, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

"I have the honour to be,
"My dear Lord Hampstead,
"Your lordship's most obedient,
"Very humble servant,
"SAMUEL CROCKER."

Fretful and impatient as he was on that morning it was impossible for Hampstead not to laugh at this letter. He showed it to his sister, who, in spite of her annoyance, was constrained to laugh also. "I shall tell George to take him to his bosom at once," said he.

"Why should George be bothered with him?"

"Because George can't help himself. They sit at the same desk together, as Crocker has not forgotten to tell me a dozen times. When a man perseveres in this way, and is thick-skinned enough to bear all rebuffs, there is nothing he will not accomplish. He will be riding my horses in Leicestershire before the season is over." An answer, however, was written to him in the following words;—

"DEAR MR. CROCKER,

"I am afraid I cannot interfere with Mr. Roden, who doesn't like to be dictated to in such matters.

"Yours truly,
"HAMPSTEAD."

"There," said he; "I do not think he can take that letter as a mark of friendship."

Thus the morning passed till the time came for the start to Holloway. Lady Frances, standing at the hall door as he got into his trap, saw that the fashion of his face was unusually serious.

(To be continued)

ANCIENT ART AT THE RECENT NATIONAL EXHIBITION AT BRUSSELS*

THIS handsomely bound, beautifully printed, and well illustrated volume is one of the results of that extremely interesting National Exhibition which was held two years ago at Brussels. It is an attempt to gather into one collection all the noteworthy objects of decorative art which were then exhibited, and it thus forms an abstract and brief chronicle of Flemish art from its beginning. The word "brief" is here used relatively, for the volume is a large

* "L'Art Ancien à l'Exposition Nationale Belge." Publié sous la Direction de M. Camille de Roddaz (Bruxelles: Rozet; Paris: Firmin Didot et Cie. MDCCCLXXXII.)

quarto of some four hundred pages. Nevertheless it must be considered concise when its contents come to be examined. For within these pages we have illustrations of the manner in which man's intellect plays round and adorns all the objects of daily use. The book shows us how Flemish ideas of beauty and religion have manifested themselves in that form of art in which Mr. Ruskin says we English are destined never to excel—the decorative. Thus we have sections devoted to gold-work and enamels, iron-work, manuscripts, ivory, ceramic ware, fans, laces and stuffs, furniture, tapestry, clocks, armour, medals, musical instruments, &c., each section being entrusted to a specialist who has illustrated his historic survey by constant reference to the objects exhibited in the National Exhibition, and now engraved in this book. It is obvious that this style of literature is perilously like what is known in "little journalism" as "writing up to a block," and it is safe to assert that the volume before us will be purchased rather for the excellence of its illustrations than the eloquence of its letter-press. That the former, however, are of special interest will be seen by reference to our engravings on another page, where fig. 1 represents a cabinet executed by the wood-carvers of the school of Liège in the eighteenth century. It is a masterpiece of manual dexterity, but is impure in style and much overloaded with meaningless detail. Figs. 2 and 9 depict two small chests; the latter of iron, dating from the fifteenth century, and remarkable as showing how much the metal-worker owed his design to the architect, the former of gilded wood, with panels and columns of rock-crystal. Its design is commonplace; the deficiency of artistic worth being balanced by its intrinsic value. Fig. 3 represents one of the few non-Flemish exhibits. It is a lantern-holder of the state-gondola of the Foscari, and though after a French model, is an admirable example of the florid Italian wood-carving of the eighteenth century. Of the plate of Delft-ware shown in fig. 4, nothing need be said here, since the manufacture is so well known in England; and in fig. 5 we have one of the last of those inlaid cabinets of the seventeenth century which it is possible to praise unreservedly. This little ebony cabinet may be said to mark the culmination of that beautiful work which began with Bartolommeo de Pola, Gabriello, and the other famous *intarsiatori*. Fig. 6 is a drinking-glass in the manner of those of Venice, but of somewhat inharmonious design; while figs. 7 and 10 are specimens from the palmy days of wrought-iron work, the former being a massive door-knocker of florid design, the latter an exceedingly elaborate "comb-key." Perhaps the richest and most interesting department of the Brussels Exhibition was the collection of musical instruments, which included spinnets, virginals, zithers, and mandolins. One of the quaintest of the old instruments was the alto-clarinet with five keys (fig. 8), in which the bore follows the twists in the shape.



It is a real misfortune that "Sophy, or the Adventures of a Savage," by Violet Fane (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), should be so needlessly and indeed cruelly long. Nearly eleven hundred closely printed pages render the three volumes equal to fully four of the ordinary length, and will sadly interfere with the prospects of a work the like of which is not met with every day. But a yet greater misfortune will befall the reader who, repelled by uninviting appearances, does not make the acquaintance of "Sophy," and he will be strangely constituted if, when he has read it once, he does not look forward to a second and more leisurely perusal. Indeed a single reading is scarcely sufficient for the purposes of the most general review. The novel is so good, and so unlike all others, that a first judgment can be little more than the simplest record of interest and pleasure, and a statement of the singular experience, that another volume would have been more than welcome. Sustained ease and brilliancy of style suffice to make us forget the length of the journey, even without the aid of characters who live with real life, and yet have as little of the commonplace about them as there is in the form of their story. The plot is of minor importance, and is constructed somewhat on the free lines of Thackeray, with a view to interesting us in the characters themselves rather than in what happens to them. Sophy is the only child of a mystical dreamer of impossible political and social dreams: a brilliant enthusiast, who falls under the influence of every plausible craze that comes in his way, and who entertains outlandish prophets, pretenders to unheard-of thrones, and impostors generally, in the little country seat where he tries to lead the life of an Eastern sage. Sophy's father, with his cleverness and his folly, his charming nature and his wasted life, is one of the best characters in the novel, and is drawn with singularly pathetic humour. In the midst of her strange surroundings, Sophy grows up a strange creature indeed, as may well be supposed—perhaps one of the very strangest and most original heroines who has ever found a place in fiction below that of the very first order. She is a wise, witty, beautiful heathen, with a heart as large as her father's, but placed above him by a sense of humour which among heroines, or heroes either, is woefully rare. She can idolise, and yet find comedy in her idol, and worship it all the more tenderly for its weaker side. At the same time she can love tragically, even while finding more in the universe than materials for her own love story. Altogether, she is likely to include the readers of that story among the circle that she charms. Many episodes, such as that of the short career of "the Savage" in a London girl-school,—a picture too obviously life-like to be at all agreeable—deserve especial mention, and should receive it if space allowed. Throughout the novel displays accurate knowledge of widely differing forms of character and remarkable breadth of view. It contains too many salient points to run the gauntlet of general criticism scot free, but it would be idle to seek occasion for severity in a book which—to be personal for justice sake—we took up with a feeling of repulsion and dismay, but found impossible to lay down until it was read through. "Sophy" is one of the few current novels that may not possibly stand the test of time.

"Two Rival Loves," by Annie L. Walker (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is gracefully written, and sufficiently interesting as a story. Some of the characters, though not drawn with any exceptional power, are something more than merely sketches, particularly in the case of Mrs. Marston, weak in body but indomitable of will, who ruled her little world as a despot until the family history became complicated by the usual leading motive of novels in three volumes. Aunt Lydia also, the old maid with a sentimental history which had left her all the more gentle and tender-hearted, is another good study of strength and weakness combined in a very different way. The novel as a whole has no very striking features, and its general character may easily be summed up by describing it as a piece of pleasant and easy reading. It contains no sins against good taste or good sense, and, though certainly not above what the average of fiction ought to be, is considerably above the actual average.

On the other hand the actual average is considerably above Mrs. Houston's "The Silver Link" (3 vols., Hurst and Blackett)—a crude, rapid, disjointed medley of uninteresting and improbable incidents concerning uninteresting and unsubstantial people. Indeed, the plan on which it is constructed renders anything like interest either in the people or in what happens to them out of the question. Elaborate details are introduced apparently for the sole purpose of

leading to nothing, and characters appear seemingly in order that they may disappear and be forgotten. The plot, or rather the confusion of many fragmentary plots, depend upon a Scotch marriage, and the history of no fewer than three independent wills, affecting the fortunes of three different sets of persons. As to the wills, there seems to be a fashion just now among a certain order of novelists for wills drawn on parchment, in order that they may be thrown into the fire and not burn. Mrs. Houston may possibly have seen a parchment will, but at any rate she follows the fashion. Surely, however, she can never have known a case in which a lady of rank and her children are treated as social outcasts because she had been married irregularly, but honestly, in Scotland, instead of regularly in England. The characters of the various people engaged in suppressing either the wills themselves, or facts that would change their operation are without any attempt towards consistency, their motives and actions depend upon the needs of every immediate occasion, so that there is hardly one who does not play the part of a knave. This may be true to Mrs. Houston's views of life, but it is always prudent, if only for form's sake, to introduce one or two characters whom the reader may assume incapable of cheating under at any rate ordinary provocation. The style of the novel is nearly as bad as possible, and draws freely, and without occasion, upon such gems of French as a "perfectly *chaussée* foot," and upon very choice American.

THE STORY OF WATERLOO

I.

It was *Maid Marion Truthful* beat
Winning thereby the premier heat.
Then *Witchery Alice Titiens* led,
Although one course to nothing sped.
Rosewater next beat *Waterford*.
As ladies sometimes lead a lord.
Middleton won a right to fame,
For *Mornington* he overcame.
The *Sleeping Partner of Ben-y-Lair*
The worse proved of this courting pair,
And *Mary Morrison* racing less
Was overhatched by *Special Express*.

When *Hollingsworth* would fortune try
His luck went with him past *Miami*.
Squirrel was last where *Planet* ruled,
And *Carrick* swift *Murillo* schooled.
Whipstake beat the *Clyde-Rocket's* pace,
Snowflight passed *General Wyndham's* place,
Rhodora took from *Marshal Macmahon*
What *Sugarcane* did from *Norton*.
Next *Palm Bloom* ran in front away
From *Alexander Halliday*.
That *Head-the-Trick* did beat *Macpherson*
Is not denied by any person.

Anchor Assassin passed, as pat
As *Hornpipe* beat the *Glenlivet*.
Death-or-Glory beat *Enone*,
And so won backers many a "pony."
Sea Prince was beat by *Debonnaire*,
Banchory caused *Bonnie Kate's* despair.
Sut beat *Mayo*, and *Marston Moor*
Passed *Pussy*, whilst *pass* passed before.
Bob earned o'er *Tipsy-cake* a bravo!
And *Ravenshoe* was beat by *Clavo*.
Aunt *Polly* lost with *Headlong Hall*,
Whilst *Assegai* proved *Markham's* fall.
Bishop was more than *Co-equal*.

Our princess, *Princess Dagmar*, dear
Clyde Pearl outrivals when she's near,
Leader led *Millington*, and next
Meols Prince swift *Mercury* quickly vex.
The *Dartmoor Princess* had to yield
To *Deborah* on *Altcar's* field.
Glengowan lowered *High Cardinal's* pride
When he *Glengowan's* powers defied.

II.

Witchery proved *Maid Marian* slow,
Rosewater Middleton passed also.
Ben-y-Lair beat *Special Express*,
Planet o'er *Hollingsworth* ruled no less.
Whipstake the *Carrick* passed, hurra!
Snowflight then well beat *Rhodora*.
The *Sugarcane* past *Palm Bloom* chased,
And *Head-the-Trick* from *Anchor* raced.
Hornpipe he danced o'er *Death and Glory*,
Whilst *Debonnaire* pursued *Banchory*.
Sut over *Marston Moor* was queen,
And *Bob* led *Ravenshoe* o'er the green,
The *Assegai* passed *Headlong-Hall*,
Clyde Pearl saw *Bishop's* fortunes fall,
Meols Prince by *Leader* was disowned,
Glengowan Deborah fleetest found.

III.

Now *Witchery* used *Rosewater* up,
And promised well to win the cup.
Next *Ben-y-Lair* to *Planet* bowed
Snowflight the *Whipstake's* backers cowed.
O'er *Head-the-Trick* sweet *Sugarcane*
Proved pace and mettle once again.
Hornpipe kept well in *Banchory's* van,
And *Sut* left *Bob* a beaten man,
Swift *Assegai* the *Clyde-Pearl* crushed,
And *Leader* past proud *Deborah* rushed.

IV.

Fair *Witchery* saw the *Planet* set,
And *Snowflight Sugarcane* then met.
Snowflight again victorious sped,
And past *Assegai Leader* led.

V.

Now *Witchery's* witching power was past,
Snowflight beat *Witchery* at last.
To *Hornpipe's* stamina and speed
Leader relinquished his lead.

VI.

Swiftest of all? what blood, what name
Shall now through Britain ring with fame?
Who shall be sad, and who be gay,
Which dog will have this glorious day?
Snowflight or *Hornpipe*?—Pull the slip,
The cup is brimming,—for which lip?
Away, away,—Napoleon's fate
To *Hornpipe* falls in Eighty-two,
And *Snowflight* mounts to peerless state,
The Wellington of Waterloo.

II. K. J.



COUNTESS PEJACSEVICH JOLAN

BARONESS V. TASCHENBERG

COUNTESS HOJOS

COUNTESS SALM

PRINCESS MONTE NUOVO, NÉE COUNTESS KINSKI
H.M. THE EMPRESS

COUNTESS CAFFI

COUNTESS KOLONITSCH

MADAME BALTAZZI, NÉE COUNTESS UGARTY

COUNTESS NOSTITZ

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AND SOME LADIES OF HER COURT—A PORTRAIT GROUP



YEARS ago a doctor and his wife began in a very small way a children's hospital near Ratcliffe Cross. Their self-denying zeal was simply marvellous. Dickens was struck with it, and wrote in *Household Words* "A Star in the East," describing the work at which Dr. Heckford died, and which his widow afterwards carried on. We believe it is she to whom we are indebted for the liveliest picture yet drawn of Boerland, its inhabitants and their ways. "A Lady Trader in the Transvaal" (Sampson Low) is a startling title; but it is quite justified by Mrs. Heckford's experiences. She was a *bona fide* trader, or "Smouse," and while arranging her plans she took to governess-life (a governess, with a good horse to ride, would in England be somewhat embarrassing). She also tried farming; but not being ubiquitous, she could not always give things that personal supervision which in South Africa more even than in England is the secret of success. Her book should be read not only by all intending emigrants, but by those (if any) who still disbelieve in the loss and suffering entailed by the war and the Convention on English settlers and loyal Boers. The loss, she shows, is quite independent of any looting by the rebels; and the farce of compensation only embitters it. She herself is always delightful, whether making a Kaffir hag ashamed of herself for coveting a looking-glass which she had given to a young sable beauty, or forcing the Puritanical Boer, De Clerc, to confess that he had meditated a most unchristian piece of swindling, or threatening her quarrelsome drivers with 'the double whip.' One feels a strong wish to fall in with Mrs. Hendrick's friends—Egerton, the gentleman who had gone wrong; Hendrick, the German driver, long so trusty, who succumbed at last to drink; and De Plessis (how many of these Boers keep their Huguenot names), with his laughing eyes, merry mouth, and clustering hair, and free, bold, boy-like manner, the first-rate horseman who always weaned his wife's children for her. The missionaries, she thinks, have done a deal of harm in many ways (notably by making Christianised Kaffirs scorn their "raw" brethren), but she confesses they have taught kindness to animals; the native way of killing a cow is incredibly atrocious. She thinks quite rightly that a self-supporting lodging-house, where the ruinous morning "tot" should be unknown, would be far better than a new church. It is a long time since we met a book so thoroughly readable; the closing chapter, about the fate of the loyalists, is pathetic enough almost to make us long for another war.

The fourth volume of "The Antiquary" (Elliot Stock) is as full of varied interest as those already issued. It is a good sign that "the study of the past" (we adopt the second title of the work itself) should be so intelligently followed, and should find such numerous devotees. From Barnard's Inn, of which a very complete account is given, "The Antiquary" takes us all the way to Wigton (figuring a canoe and a curious wooden trough found in a crannoge), as well as to the Skelligs of Kerry, and even gives us glimpses of how archaeology is faring in Scandinavia. The engraving of the Brechin round tower shows that these strange structures are not confined to Ireland. We regret that we cannot do more than call attention to the "Notes on American Archaeology," and to the "Antiquarian News" (a valuable feature in a periodical every way deserving encouragement). The paper and type are in keeping with the subject, the binding is appropriately in "Fonthill style." Among the facts of which the volume is a storehouse are some on "the right of pre-emption in village communities" which bear on a recent case in Tunis; and a note on the early use of omnibuses in Paris, as long ago as 1662.

When we took up "The Revisers' English" (Hatchards) we thought we should find a protest against the many cases in which the Revisers have changed for the worse the grandly melodious words of the Authorised Version. Not at all. Mr. Washington Moon, who in days past fell foul of Dean Alford on the score of his supposed solecisms, has a set of rules, unassailable no doubt in the abstract, but simply ridiculous in his application of them. The Revisers' duty, according to him, was to make all square with these rules. Thus he would alter *will* into *wildest* in all passages like "If Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean," and instead of *shall* he would read *will* in places such as: "Before the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice," *shall* being only admissible where the speaker is either the nominative to the verb or "determines its accomplishment." On the Revisers' inconsistencies it is easy enough to be hard. Why alter *quicken* spirit to *life-giving spirit*, and yet leave unaltered "It is the spirit that quickeneth"? Why retain "twelve years of age" in St. Luke and alter to "twelve years' old" in St. Mark? And had Mr. Moon confined himself to this, he might have done good service; but what good can a man do who seriously recommends us to say "for Thine are the kingdom, the power, and the glory," and who cavils at *chiefest* because "it implies that a chief is not chief." In his preface Mr. Moon tells us he "joys in the restfulness of the Beautiful;" to us, he seems, a grammatical Procrustes who, happily, is in the condition of Bunyan's Giant Pope, and can only mumble by the wayside.

"Fruit Farming for Profit" (Bunyard, Maidstone; Stanford, London) is by no means so pretentious a volume as those of the "Pleasure and Profit" series. Mr. Bunyard probably assumes that the pleasure will come if the profit is secured. This looking to profit, perhaps, accounts for his discouraging experiments, as when he advises amateurs not to grow their trees but to buy them, for "professionals have a certain *modus*" which he declines to explain till he hears that all his brother nurserymen have made their fortunes. We are glad he has a good word for blackberry jam; with cream he pronounces it "quite an *exotic* dish"—the *ne plus ultra*, we suppose, of praise from a nurseryman. The number of books of this kind shows that we are at last awaking to the importance of the fruit crop.

Mr. H. W. Dulcken has constructed his "Pictorial Atlas of Nature" (Ward and Lock) on the lines of the German Typen-Atlas, which combines engravings with letterpress. The weakness of such books is that they give equal importance to tribes like the Tanana or Mogri, whom nobody ever hears of, and to those like Japs or Hovas, about whom every one wants to know a great deal. Most of the diagrams are excellent, the plants being the least satisfactory, for of course they cannot be drawn to scale, and therefore the ixia looks as tall as a mangrove. As it stands the work is very commendable; but we should like to see it reproduced in sheets in an enlarged form for hanging on school walls. Every page contains the matter for a score of instructive and amusing lessons.

Herr von Hesse-Wartegg has taken advantage of the interest excited by recent events to publish "Tunis: the Land and the People" (Chatto and Windus). He not only gives his own experience, but has skimmed the cream of consular reports, and has got some lady to furnish him with a very good account of a harem. He warns the European "who expects to find splendid odalisques, beautiful as the day, and ready to love him," that he will be greatly disappointed. "No seductive eyes behind dark trellised windows suggestive of a continuation of the romantic affair." His "Tunisian interiors"—soldiers talking about like field-marshal, policemen whose chief income comes from the bribes of those condemned to be bastinadoed, wretched prisoners kept alive by the alms of the passers-by, Jewish women dressed like ballet-girls—have the stamp of reality. He tells us a good deal about the Berbers, naturally averse to exchanging their free life for French rule; and he has

a chapter on Tunisian history past and present. French influence may, he thinks, "succeed perhaps in bringing back the prosperity of the old Roman days." It is a little disappointing to read about a Bey who has only one wife, and whose "pipe-stopper" is a European in dress-coat and white tie.

Mr. Malleon's "Acts and Epistles of St. Paul" (Hodder and Stoughton) deserves a larger notice than we have space for. It is thoughtful and full of matter, though, of course, there cannot be much novelty in a field which Canon Farrar and Messrs. Lewin and Conybeare and Howson have worked so thoroughly. The *odium theologicum* is, unhappily, no novelty; and Mr. Malleon may quote many precedents for his fear that an infidel must needs be a wicked man, "at any rate in resolutely closing his eyes lest his deeds should be reproved, and his immortality made certain." Let us hope that he will live to find this dictum as untrue as it is uncharitable. We have more sympathy with his dislike of "the flood of weak unhealthy sentimentalism that is passing over the land," and with his strictures on those who are "attempting to establish a new Christianity adapted to the subtle and complicated wants of the nineteenth century." The controversial tone of the volume, the frequent references to M. Renan (who, our author thinks, is more mischievous than all the Tübingen school put together), and the staunch protests against "Roman error" give piquancy to the volume. In his appendix Mr. Malleon regrets that the Revised Version "has inflicted a great disappointment."

To several religious books we can only give a collective notice. "Anecdotal Illustrations of St. Mark" (Bemrose, London and Derby) is a good idea well carried out. In these eighty pages are collected from Eastern travellers a host of anecdotes bearing on Jewish customs, and also many choice passages from modern writers, giving point to some of the most striking texts in "the Gospel of action."—"Shadows of Good Things to Come" (Bemrose) sets forth in telling language "the Gospel in Ruth," the writer's method being to bring out the full significance of the proper names.—From the same publishers we have "Pleasant Talks About Jesus," a collection of stories told in a singularly interesting way. Thus the text "Jesus the Rock" is matched with the feebleness of the conies whose only safety is the rock. These rock-rabbits, we are told, gave its name to Spain, called by Phœnicians the land of *Shaphans*. Children will be delighted with the book.—Canon Stowell's "Church Catechism" (Elliot Stock) has the advantage of being brief as well as clear and simple. In regard to the Decalogue we would suggest that lying is forbidden by the Third as well as by the Ninth Commandment.—The Bishop of Rochester always writes with that unctious that accompanies earnestness. Those who know his "Presence of Christ" will not need many words to recommend "The Gospel of Christ" (Isbister). Gospel, he reminds us, is a large word; and religion should neither fear knowledge nor distrust science, nor condemn music, nor despise art. Matthew Arnold's definition of salvation, as a harmonious perfection, is not excluded by St. Paul's. On the question, "Does our probation end here?" the Bishop speaks in quite a different key from Canon Farrar.

ON SOME SOWING OF SEED

A GREAT physician in the West of England, who died not long since, did me the honour of frequently discussing with me his germ-theory of disease. He lent me the MS. of a great work on the subject, which summed up all his observations and conclusions. It was the laborious preparation of this work during the hardly-earned holiday, which he should have devoted to entire rest, which disabled him from work and induced his fatal illness. In many a conversation this kind-hearted and most able man used to explain to me his views. He believed that an immense proportion of all diseases was caused by specific germs derived from diseased persons. He believed that in many cases he traced such derivations, and that in countless other cases such derivations might be traced. In some cases his assertions were of a most broad and sweeping character, and it was equally difficult to believe or to contradict him. All he asked for was the power of isolation and of stamping out the plague as it might arise. He thought it even possible to eliminate the cognate diseases of cancer and consumption. He made no difficulty at all of abolishing measles, scarlatina, small-pox, typhoid fever, and other distressing maladies. All such illnesses he believed were caused by invisible germs, sometimes in the air, sometimes in the water, or on paper and furniture, in railway carriages and public conveyances of all sorts. Such germs might lie quiescent for many months until they found fit soil in the living subject.

My illustrious friend looked forward to a glorious coming day for humanity when contagious diseases would be abolished, and life would be terminated by accident or old age. Every doctor knows that the amount of preventable disease in this country is enormous, and that massacres worse than Waterloo happen every month through causes perfectly avoidable. It may happen in the progression of the ages that disease may be looked upon as something altogether monstrous and abnormal, and even the boldest enunciations of the germ theory may be regarded as truisms rather than paradoxes. At such a time Dr. William Budd's services to humanity will not be forgotten.

I suppose that every observant person has had opportunities of noticing the vivification of seeds under unusual circumstances. I remember years ago climbing the tower of the Cathedral of Cologne. There were some wild rose trees blossoming in the crevices of the rough masonry. The seeds must have been dropped by some birds, or conveyed thither by the wind. A friend gave me some seeds of wheat which had been taken out of a mummy case in Egypt. I sowed it in my garden, and we obtained a handsome plant. My friend sowed some quantity, and literally obtained a hundredfold. The most remarkable example is to be found in the furnishing of one of the coralline islands of the Pacific. When the multitudinous armies of minute living organisms have raised the reef above the surface, the newly-created land awaits the plant life which shall precede the animal life. It does not wait in vain, nor even long. Again the bird or the breeze brings the wanting seed, from which emerges the cocoa-nut tree, or the bread-fruit tree, or some other useful or splendid growth of the Southern Seas. Indeed the single germ may produce the tree, and from the single tree other seeds developing spread into the forest. In this mixed world of ours there are evil seeds as well as good. In the "Remains" of the late Lady Trevelyan there is a mention made of a new American weed, the *Anacharis*, which was first found in a pond or lake in the domain of a gentleman in one of the northern counties. Before many years have passed this weed is hindering free navigation, and threatening to choke up our streams. Another striking instance is to be found in Australia. A patriotic Scotchman determined that he would take out the national weed, the thistle, into Australia. It is to be hoped that he would not have done so if he could have foreseen the result. The seeds were astonishingly prolific. They spread over a large tract of waste country, and not only so, but they choked vegetation, and threw out of cultivation a great deal of ground that was usefully occupied. Thus do ill weeds thrive apace.

Which things are an allegory. In intellectual and material interests, and not the less in that moral nature where Truth ever strikes its deepest roots, this process of germination is perpetually going on. Every man, as he journeys on the high road of life, is constantly scattering seeds with the right hand and with the left. This gives its great value to all intellectual discussion. Life without discussion, life without mutual cross-examination, is, as Socrates used to say, simply unliveable. Even in those Socratic dialogues which are termed "Dialogues of Negation," where every theory is by turns demolished, there is at least some scattering of

seed from which foliage and fruit may hereafter come. One very rarely hopes to convince a man by any process of argument. "He who consents against his will is of the same opinion still." But if we have the truth on our side of the discussion, it may very possibly happen that these germs, waiting ever so long for favourable conditions, may ultimately fructify. So, too, Byron's fine lines:—

A single drop of ink
Falling, like rain upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, ay, and millions, think.

In that region of the scientific imagination, in which some of our great physicists have roamed so largely of late years, we often find the bursting into expression of the germ-thought, which is accepted as a working hypothesis, until facts verify or disprove the assumed law. It is the sudden thought which strikes upon the mind almost as an inspiration, which contains in it infinite possibilities of a future outcome—such a thought as the falling apple suggested to Newton, or that which first opened up to Columbus the vision of a new world, or which in the convent of Erfürth proved the dawn of a fresh morning to Luther and the world. How many people there are who, like Mrs. Poyser, find their texts in proverbs, the short, sharp sentences which sum up long experiences. Such sentences have an evil as well as a favourable side. In one of the late Mr. Warren's stories in "The Diary of a Late Physician," one of his characters perseveres in a profligate career because he hears an imprudent relative denounce him as "a splendid sinner." I do not know whether this was a fact or an invention, but in my own experience I knew a man of whom the same remark was made, and on whom it acted as an intense stimulus to pursue that particular line in life. Homer never wastes an epithet, and the *épea pteroiotos* is one of his truest phrases. Such "winged words" are ever flying invisibly through the atmosphere, germs that take root downward and bear fruit upward. In the immense and most interesting literature of Autobiography we are able to trace the germs of adventures, inventions, discoveries, large purposes, true insights, vast undertakings. There is a sudden flash of illumination, and the germ takes root. The Laureate in the "Two Voices" sketches a fine nature like that of Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," and make him resolve to act

At least not rotting as a weed,
But having sown some generous seed
Fruitful of further thought and deed.

In the sowing of such seed we gain the highest purpose and meaning of life. In the vast economy of moral forces no such sowing is ever wasted. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

F. ARNOLD



MESSRS. CHAPPELL AND CO.—From hence comes a well selected parcel of twenty-one songs, all of which may be sung without fee. The words for four are by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, music by Alice Borton. "Margaret to Dolcino," and its pendant, "Dolcino to Margaret," are quaint and pathetic, as is also "The Shepherdess Song," from *The Saint's Tragedy*. "Soft Wind from Out the Sweet South" is a well-known and popular poem, set to a pleasing melody.—A brace of showy and well-written songs, for which P. Mario Costa has supplied both words and music, are "Langüiró Sempre," of medium compass; and "In Alto Mare," a charming barcarola.—Plaintive words, by Whyte Melville, set to appropriate music by Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff, are united in "Twas Only a Year Ago, Love."—Well worthy of its title is "A Creole Love Song," the glowing words by Theo. Marzials, music by the above-named composer.—Both words and music of "Midnight," written and composed by L. Courtenay and W. Fullerton, are very gloomy. This song is published in F and G.—A bright contrast to the above is "May Be So," a merry little song of medium compass, words by Josephine Pollard, music by W. Fullerton.—Most original of the vocal budget is "The Pride o' Deal," a tragical tale of the sea, written and composed by Edward Oxenford and John Kinross. Hard must be the heart that could listen unmoved to this pathetic song.—Two very good songs, music by Mrs. Arthur Goodeve, are "The Jovial Beggar"—the racy words traditional, and "The Half-Way House," a *naïve* little narrative poem, by E. Oxenford.—"In the Twilight of Our Love" is a sad poem by Hugh Conway, set to the music of the favourite song from Arthur Sullivan's *Patience*, "Silver'd is the Raven Hair." The compass is from B below the lines to E fourth space.—"When the Heart is Far Away," words by R. I. O., and "Two's the Best of Company," words by the Rev. F. Langbridge, are pleasing songs, music by A. M. Wakefield; the former for a contralto, the latter, for a mezzo-soprano, is a romance of the iron road.—A cheerful song of the nautical type is "The Two Marys," written and composed by E. Oxenford and Arthur Whitley.—"Wake in All Thy Beauty" is a very charming specimen of Messrs. R. E. Francillon and F. H. Cowen's collaboration.—Mr. G. A. Macfarren has arranged in a musicianly manner, "I Passed Beside a Lonely Wood," an old English ballad.—There is a ring of true pathos in "Our Farewell," words from the versatile pen of F. E. Weatherly, the sweet melody by Lady Arthur Hill. This song deserves to be as popular as her "In the Gloaming."—A dramatic song for a contralto is "The Gates of the West," the melancholy words are by "A. L.," the music by Caroline Lothian.—Three meritorious pieces for the pianoforte by Jules Janotha may be recommended to the heads of schools, "Moment Musical" and "Valse Brillante," and, of course, a "Gavotte."—We are tempted in American phraseology to plead "Give us a rest!" from this worn out form of composition.—Bond Andrews sends us two pianoforte pieces, "Irlandaise," which is very commonplace, and "Grottesque," which is just the reverse, being quaint and tuneful, it will greatly please merry young people.—Under the disguised title of "Handelian Dance" we come upon a pianoforte piece, "Tempo di Gavotte," by Jules de Sivrai, of a very ordinary type.—A meet companion for the above is "Gavotte," by Viscount Dupplin.—"Entr' Acte," is the meaningless title of a fairly good pianoforte piece by Cotsford Dick.—"Souvenir de Niagara," by F. R. Müller, is, as its name would suggest, a very brilliant piece, which can only be played on a piano of almost as unlimited compass as the Falls from which it is named.—"Caroletta," a "little dance," is a quaint little *morceau* by Paul Duprét.—We have not met with a prettier specimen of dance music this season than "The Mother Hubbard Polka," by Caroline Lowthian.—"Je t'Aime," a valse by E. Waldteufel, is unworthy the pen of this clever composer.—"The Dado Polka," by Alphons Beck, is but a feeble specimen of its school.

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HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white,
or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it
will positively restore in every case grey or white hair
to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable
smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charm-
ingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the
hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed.
Full particulars around each bottle. Ask your nearest
Chemist for **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.**
Sold everywhere at 3s. 6d. per bottle.

PARR'S
PARR'S LIFE PILLS
Will keep people in vigorous health,
and make them cheerful and hearty.
They are unrivalled for the cure of
all diseases of the blood, indigestion, loss of
appetite, rheumatism, and all the disorders of the
stomach, liver, or general derangement of the system.
Sold by all Medicine Vendors, in
boxes, 1s. 2½d., 2s. 6d., and in Family
Packets, 11s. each.

ROBARE'S AUROLENE, or
GOLDEN HAIR WASH. For producing the
beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted
perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all the
principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the
World.—Wholesale Agents: R. HOVENDEN and
SONS, London.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S
HAIR RESTORER is perfection for restoring
grey, white, or faded hair to its youthful colour, gloss,
and beauty. It renews its life, strength, and growth.
Dandruff quickly removed. Makes the hair dress-
ing easy. It is a most economical, remarkable
certainty of prompt action—in fact, every good
quality is guaranteed for Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's
Hair Restorer.

BRIDAL BOUQUET BLOOM.
A lovely liquid for beautifying the Complexion.
Ever young. One trial of it will convince any lady of
its great superiority over any other liquid or face
powder. In a moment of time it imparts to the face,
neck, arms, and hands a delicate softness and marble
purity, with the tint and fragrance of the lily and the rose.
It removes Tan, Freckles, Sunburn, and all roughness
and blemishes. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.

ÆSTHETIC.
PIESSE and LUBIN.
The Perfume affected by the Æsthetics. Dreamy of
Flowers, Hoya Bella, Tuberoses, Jasmine in Union;
abstracted from them while yet in blossom.—Labo-
ratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, W.

PIESSE and LUBIN.
FLORIMEL OF PALM.
For the Prevention of Chapped Hands, Rough Skin,
Chilblains, &c. Once used will convince the most-
sceptical, if daily applied, too much cannot be
said in favour of Florimel of Palm for rendering the
skin or hands white, soft, and fair. 1 lb. glass jars,
3s. 6d.—Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street,
London. Sold by the trade generally.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.
for
CONSTIPATION,
BILE,
HEADACHE

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.
A LAXATIVE and REFRESHING
FRUIT LOZENGE.
Universally prescribed by the Faculty

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.
5s. 6d. the box, stamp included.
Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.
Wholesale, E. GRILLON, 60, Queen St., London, E.C.

NO SHAVING.—Alex. Ross's Depi-
LATORY removes superfluous hair from the face
without injury. 3s. 6d.; post 5s. stamps, London, W.C.
21, Lamb's Conduit Street, Holborn, London, W.C.

LEATH and ROSS'S COLUMN.

WE DO NOT KNOW ANY
REMEDY SO EFFECTIVE as NEU-
RALINE in all cases of Nerve Pains. The following
testimonials are at once a security to the public and a
testification to ourselves. Mr. G. D., of Co. Meath,
writes: "I have been troubled for ten years with
Neuralgia I tried your Neuraline, and got relief after
a few applications."

A SINGLE APPLICATION OF
NEURALINE not uncommonly cures Nerve
Pains of the most protracted and agonising kind,
while it in most cases effects a permanent cure, and
in all gives certain relief. Mrs. W., of Moyston,
writes: "My daughter has derived great benefit from
Neuraline in a case of severe and long standing
Neuralgia." "I have recommended your Neuraline to
many." M. C., Moorlands, Paignton, Devon.

THE GREATEST SUFFERERS
from NEURALGIA or any Nerve Pains can
obtain immediate relief and permanent cure by using
the approved remedy, NEURALINE. "The bottle of
Neuraline was perfectly marvellous, giving instant-
aneous freedom from pain when most acute."—J. K. B.,
of Ballymacool, Letterkenny, Ireland.

"THE INVENTOR OF NEU-
RALINE DESERVES A NATIONAL RE-
WARD." So says J. S. L., of Kilmoe, Cardigan,
S. Wales, in a letter to the proprietors of NEU-
RALINE, the approved specific for all Nerve Pains. "It
is an extraordinary remedy. It has proved completely
efficacious in a case of a dreadful state, and the person is
now quite well."

IT IS NO VAIN BOAST, but an
assertion sustained by facts and the increasing
demand from all parts, that NEURALINE, as a
remedy for all Nerve Pains, is unequalled. Sufferers
from Neuralgia, Rheumatism, or associated disorders
of the nerves should use Neuraline. "Mrs. Jermyn
Pratt requests two bottles of Neuraline for herself,
and one for Mrs. N. L., of the Vicarage, Kilmham,
East Dereham. Her maid was relieved of Neuralgia
through Neuraline."

NEURALINE SHOULD
ALWAYS BE USED for Nerve Pains. It gives
instantaneous relief, and the greatest sufferer need not
despair. A permanent cure is effected, and complete free-
dom from agony ensured without delay or difficulty. Mrs.
T., Trinity Vicarage, Carlisle, writes: "I have recom-
mended your NEURALINE in at least a dozen cases
with perfect success."

NEURALINE, THE BEST AND
SPEEDIEST SPECIFIC, curing all Nerve
Pains, has received general approval. Mrs. M., of
Lesbury Vicarage, Northumberland, writes as follows:
"Mrs. M. will thank Messrs. LEATH and ROSS
to send her a 4s. 6d. bottle of NEURALINE. She
suffered acutely from pain in the face, and the only
relief she got was from the Neuraline."

ESPECIAL ATTENTION IS
REQUESTED to the following most important
and significant extract from a letter addressed to
LEATH and ROSS by the Rev. C. K., of Eversley
Rectory, Winchester: "The Rev. C. K. finds Neuraline
allay the pain when everything else fails."

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS and REST-
LESS DAYS altogether prevented, and relief
from all nerve pains assuredly given, by the use of
NEURALINE, the speediest and most reliable remedy.
From all quarters gratifying testimonials are con-
stantly being received. "Nothing gave me even tem-
porary relief from severe Neuralgia until I tried your
NEURALINE. In the time required to penetrate to
the nerve centres all pain was gone, and has not since
returned." J. W., 84, Myrtle Street, Liverpool.

NERVE PAINS may be said to
exceed all others in severity, and equally true it
is that remedy for them is so effective and speedy as
NEURALINE. C. H. Irving, of Mansion House
Buildings, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., writes,
"I have tried most advertised remedies for Neuralgia,
but without relief, until I obtained NEURALINE. The
pain has entirely left me, and not returned."

FROM OSBORNE HOUSE,
Alderley Edge, Manchester, Mrs. F. writes to
LEATH and ROSS, Homoeopathic Chemists, 5, St.
Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, W., London, as
follows: "Your NEURALINE is an excellent remedy
for Neuralgia. My medical man often uses it." All
sufferers from nerve pains should at once order a supply
of this best and speediest remedy, which has stood the
test of many years, and is daily more appreciated.

NO REMEDY FOR NERVE
PAINS is to be compared with NEURALINE.
This specific may always be used with confidence, as it
is an effective curative of the severest attacks, where
situated, and relief is instantaneous. "The Neuraline
relieved me from agonising attacks." From C. G., 35, Titch-
borne Street, Edgware Road.

FROM ONE of many Testimonials
the following extract, showing the wonderful
excellence of NEURALINE as a cure for Nerve Pains,
is confidently submitted to the reader. "Miss H.
has found Neuraline most successful for face-ache, and
has recommended it to many of her friends."

AVOIDING ALL EXAGGERA-
TION, either of language or fact, NEURALINE
may unquestionably be stated as the best, speediest,
and most reliable curative for all Nerve Pains, however
intense or of long standing. "Mrs. S. S. requests
another flat bottle of Neuraline, same as last. It was
quickly effective for curing Neuralgia in the instep."
—Eastwood, near Nottingham.

A SIMPLE APPLICATION of
NEURALINE frequently effects a permanent
cure, while it invariably gives immediate relief to all
sufferers from Nerve Pains. "I have tried Neuraline
for Neuralgia in the head, and it has been of great use."
From Miss F., Pembroke Lodge, Bray, Co. Wicklow.

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF to
SUFFERERS from NERVE PAINS is given by
the use of NEURALINE, and in no case has it failed.
A certain and speedy curative this specific may be
confidently relied on. "I have often proved the effi-
cacy of Neuraline in cases of Neuralgia."—From
F. J. S., Colnbrook Park, Manchester.

NEURALINE MUST BE TRIED
to be appreciated. The testimony of all who have
used this remedy for Nerve Pains agrees in acknow-
ledging its extraordinary efficacy. Mr. Edgar, of Bute
House, Island of Lewis, N.B., writing to Sir
James Matheson, says:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express
her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It
proved the most successful lotion she had applied. The
relief was instantaneous."

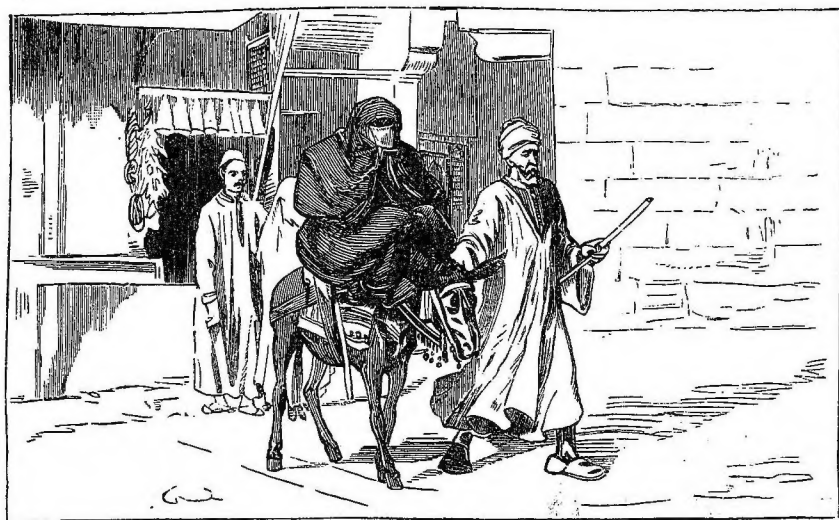
NEURALINE should always be
used for Nerve Pains, as it is most effective, and
gives immediate relief. "NEURALINE proved the
most successful lotion ever applied."—Mrs. Edgar,
Bute Light House, Island of Lewis, N.B. Sir James
Matheson, of Stormary, N.B., says, "Messrs. Leath
and Ross are welcome to publish the testimonials to
NEURALINE addressed to him."

ALL Nerve Pains, however Severe,
are cured by the use of NEURALINE.

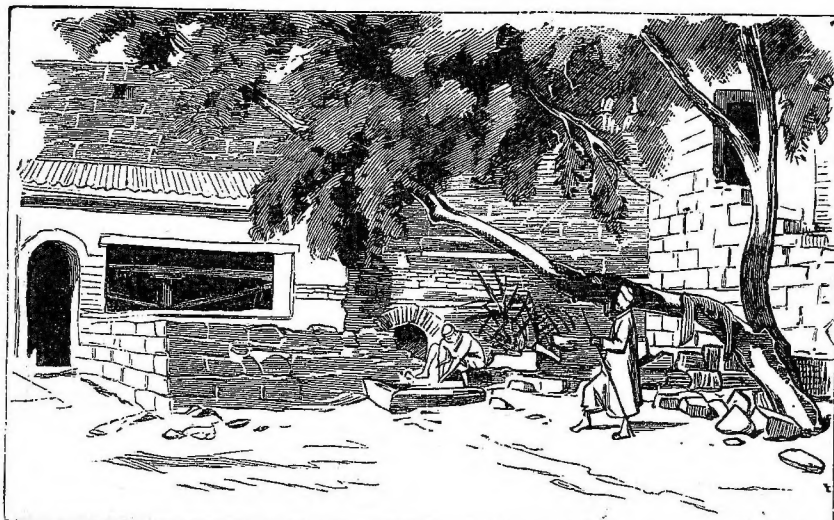


1. Carved Cabinet : School of Liège (18th Century).—2. Treasure Chest of the Church of Montaigu : Gilded Wood with Panels and Ornamentation of Rock Crystal (17th Century).—3. Lantern-Holder of the State-Gondola of the Foscari, in Carved and Gilded Wood, Inlaid with Mother-of-Pearl (18th Century).—4. Plate of Delft-ware.—5. Small Ebony Cabinet Inlaid with Ivory (17th Century).—6. An Imitation Venetian Glass (17th Century).—7. Door-Knocker in Wrought Iron (17th Century).—8. An Alto-Clarinet with Five Keys (18th Century).—9. An Iron Coffer (15th Century).—10. An Iron "Comb Key" (17th Century).

ANCIENT ART AT THE RECENT NATIONAL EXHIBITION AT BRUSSELS



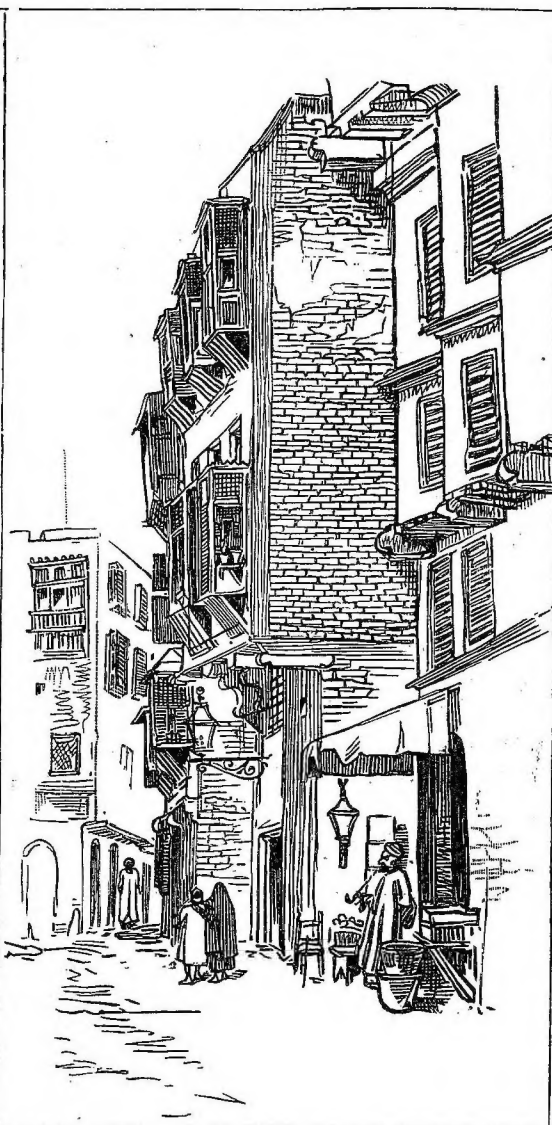
A MORNING RIDE



JOSEPH'S WELL



A WATER-CARRIER



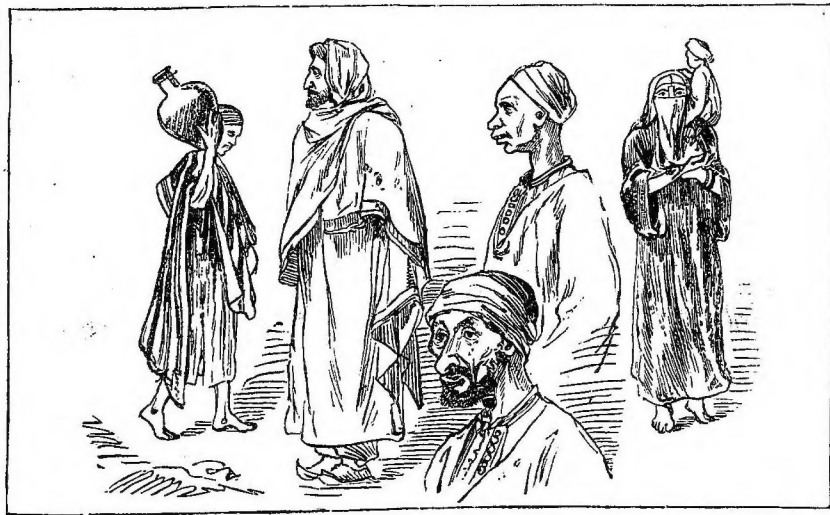
A STREET



A SOLDIER ON GUARD



ONE OF THE PYRAMIDS



TYPES OF THE NATIVES

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING IN THE "CEYLON," IX. — CAIRO

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP

a treble event bet, now, to use a Turf expression, "stands on velvet." The old horse, who once could "go a cracker," is reported as doing well and as fresh as a kitten; and with his very light impost in the race has an undeniable chance if he stands his preparation. Empress has undergone a partial resuscitation for the Grand National, but Khamseen is now first favourite, Thornfield still standing out in the cold. Iroquois becomes more and more fancied for the City and Suburban, standing at the top of the tree at 9 to 1, with Scobell next in demand at 12 to 1.

COURING.—By this time every courser in the three kingdoms has read and re-read, some perhaps many times, the history of the recent Battle of Waterloo. Backers of favourites in the Dog Derby have had another severe lesson added to those of many previous years, as on the first day most of the fancied animals "went down," including Princess Dagmar, Alec Halliday, Mary Morrison, Markham, Middleton, Rhodora, and others; and of the last four left in on the Friday, viz., Witchery, Snowflight, Leader, and Hornpipe, the respective odds against them on the evening of the "Draw" were 16 to 1, 66 to 1, 65 to 1, and 50 to 1. Nor were the backers of favourites for their respective courses fortunate, as the odds "on" were bowled over time after time, and it would seem that the opinion of the reputed judges of the sport is often very unreliable. The deciding course between Snowflight and Hornpipe created great excitement, as the judge was unable to give the final verdict for the former till after a "nogo" and an "undecided." The result, however, was satisfactory, as doubtless Snowflight was the best animal at Altcar on this anniversary, though it must not be forgotten that Alec Halliday and one or two other good dogs put their chances out by floundering into the drains. "Captain Ellis," the nominator of Snowflight, is said to be "a parson" in Northumberland, as fond of the leash as "Mr. King," who some years ago came into collision with his Diocesan, Bishop Wordsworth, was of the Turf. The heroine belonged to Mr. Hall, a farmer, near Blyth, and it is the only "long-tail" he now owns. When she arrived at Blyth station on the Saturday night a band of music escorted her and her owner through the town to the tune "See the Conquering Hero Comes." It is said that 1,000*l.* has been refused for her; but that Princess Dagmar, for whom a good deal more was bid a few weeks ago at public auction, changed hands at Liverpool for 300*l.* It is much to be regretted that the recent Waterloo anniversary was marked by a great increase of the "rough" element present, welshers and pickpockets, with hordes of prize-fighters and professional bullies "covering" their operations, having things pretty well their own way. If very stringent measures are not taken to suppress this scandal, the very existence of the Waterloo Meeting cannot be otherwise than in danger.

FOOTBALL.—In the Association Cup Contest Great Marlow has beaten the Old Foresters; and the two last games (bar the final) in the sixth ties are between Old Etonians and Great Marlow, at Kennington Oval, on March 4th, and between Sheffield Wednesday and Blackburn Rovers, at Manchester, on March 6th.—The first international match under Association rules, between England and Ireland, was played near Belfast on Saturday last, when the "cursed Saxons" won by 13 goals to *nil*.—Under Rugby rules, the fifth match between Scotland and Ireland has been played near Glasgow, the Hibernians again suffering defeat, though only by two tries to none.—In the London Hospitals Challenge Cup contest (Rugby) St. George's has beaten King's College, and will probably play Bartholomew's (the holders), on March 1st, at the Oval.—At Cambridge the United Hospitals have been beaten by the University.

AQUATICS.—Hanlan, on the Thames, seems to have had more favourable weather for practice than Boyd has on the Tyne. The former is said to be subjecting himself to very severe training both on land and water.—There have been changes of "strokes" and other places again both at Oxford and Cambridge, and, at the time of writing, the crews do not seem to be definitely settled, though they were supposed to go into strict training on Ash Wednesday.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Another instance is to be noted of the "record beaten." On Monday, at Lillie Bridge, Thatcher, "the walkist," was backed to beat the best three hours' record, viz., that of W. Perkins, who walked in July, 1877, at the same grounds, 22 miles 206 yards in the time. The odds at starting were 5 to 1 against Thatcher, and up to 20 miles he was behind record, but after that, putting on the steam, he completed 22 miles 256½ yards, with evidently "a little bit in hand."

LACROSSE.—At Lee the London team has beaten Dulwich; Clapton has beaten Woodford; and South Manchester Blackley.

COACHING.—There seems every probability of the coaching revival being sustained this season. The Guilford, Windsor, Boxhill, and Virginia Water coaches will be to the fore again, and the Portsmouth will go one day down and the other up. A movement is on foot to organise a "parade" of the butterfly business coaches a week or so before they commence actual work. In olden days the mails used to have a procession on the first of May; and we think the public would appreciate the projected revival of the parade. Tandem driving is likely to make marked progress this season.

ANGLING.—A good jack of 26½ lbs. has been taken in Oulton Broad by Mr. L. T. Johnson of Lowestoft.

CABDRIVERS' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION

At the Annual Festival of this Society, held on Saturday last at Willis's Rooms, the Duke of Edinburgh presided; on the former occasion it was the Prince of Wales who kindly occupied the chair; and there is a goodly array amongst the stewards and vice-presidents of the names of noblemen; but a sign most healthy to see is that the society originated with the men themselves, aided by the Marquis of Townshend, in 1870, twelve years since, and has made good progress.

The speech of the evening was from Mr. Sawyer, one of the twenty cabmen who partook of the dinner. The Duke gave some interesting statistics respecting the origin and social circumstances of these men. It appears, as may be supposed, that one-half of them have been grooms or coachmen; while the remainder commenced life as clerks, shopmen, painters, &c.

The total number of cabs employed in London is 5,805 hansoms and 3,847 four-wheelers; the former have increased by 2,510 since 1871; and the latter decreased by 676 since the same date. The drivers licensed are about 3,000 in excess of the number of cabs running, of which 2,000 at least are owned by the drivers.

The society is not a charity, but formed by the subscriptions of the men themselves to the number of about 1,000, none of whom have ever been summoned for any serious offence. A great benefit has resulted from the granting of small loans to the members, which have all been punctually repaid, and now and then grants of money have been made to the men or their widows in exceptional cases of distress; while there are eighteen aged annuitants receiving 16*l.* to 18*l.* The public is appealed to to aid in supplementing the efforts of the men themselves, to increase the benefits of this society at whose door are knocking thirty deserving applicants for small pensions. Upwards of 800*l.* was announced as the result of the Festival, which His Royal Highness, who gave 25*l.*, hoped would be made up to 1,000*l.* The address of the Association is 15, Soho Square, W.



THE SEASON.—Oats, peas, and barley are being sown freely, and the land is working remarkably well. The autumn wheat is of most promising aspect, and so are winter beans, tares, and clovers. Sheep are doing remarkably well, and cattle also. Lambing has given, and is giving, very little trouble, as the lambs can be left in the field with very little extra care. Roots have never stopped growing, and are very sound, while the bite of grass thus early in the year is not to be despised.

BRITISH AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS.—Some very interesting facts concerning the position of agriculture in this country have been brought to the front by Mr. J. Cowen, M.P. Agriculture, it appears, is still our staple industry, a minimum of seven hundred millions sterling being invested therein, and 3¼ million people living thereby. Mr. Cowen estimates that 400 farms are now unoccupied, and that their expanse is over 50,000 acres. Personally we believe that double that number and acreage are not paying rent, although they do not appear as unoccupied. To keep in good repair, to pay taxes, and to be ready to leave at short notice are all "considerations," and in many cases are the best landlords can get.

THE FLOODS QUESTION.—Mr. Pell has given notice of a motion that the Government Bill on this question be read again "that day six months." Whenever the measure comes on it will be very strongly opposed. While the different parties are thus disagreeing as to remedies, the floods have been "calling attention" to themselves. On Sunday last the Medway overflowed hundreds of acres, and many sheep and cattle were drowned. Other tidal rivers did much damage, and the Surrey side of the Thames was especially troubled with the overflow.

GOSHAWKS.—Mr. Salvin's well-known hawk, "Gosette," has scored as follows since September:—rabbits, 187 head, brown hares 2, white hares 9, rats 51, and squirrels 2. This is perhaps the "best on record," but may we plead with Mr. Salvin for the squirrels? If he would "take it out" in rats no one could possibly have any objection.

SNOWDROPS are now in full beauty, and are seen at their best in large masses covering banks or large open plots under the shade. They can, however, hardly be put in the wrong place if we avoid dug beds or borders and formal lines and patterns. They should above all things look as if they had never been planted at all, but had sprung up spontaneously under friendly shelter of the trees or on some tempting southern slope.

FISHING.—A new line of railway is now being constructed from Blundall to Yarmouth, which passes close to some of the best and most extensive fishing grounds in Norfolk. Blundall itself is a well-known angling resort.—It is stated by anglers of the Bure that some conscienceless individual has very recently taken more than fifty tons of fish from the river by netting. We hope that the rumour is unfounded, or at least much exaggerated.—The opening of salmon fishing in the Annan and its tributaries has been as successful as is expected so early in the season.—We hear loud complaints of the fish in the Severn being poisoned with the refuse of the lead mines near Llanidloes.—The National Fisheries Exhibition at Norwich was a great financial success, despite a very liberal outlay.

CHEVIOT SHEEP.—In the course of an interesting discussion at Hawick the other day, it was observed and generally conceded that the prizes given at shows had greatly contributed to the change in the breed of Cheviot sheep, and by giving prominence at shows to the best type of sheep more good could be done than in any other way. The question under discussion mainly turned upon whether the heavy weights off which such large and profitable fleeces were got were not, after all, more than counterbalanced by the larger death-rate at all times, and by the fearful mortality in winters of any exceptional severity.

FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE.—The condition of stock is a topic of interest to farmer and consumer alike. We are glad, therefore, to see that Mr. Chaplin has given notice of his intention to move on an early day that the prevalence of this disease in many counties is much to be regretted, and that the continuous importation of animals infected with disease into England from abroad has an injurious effect upon the general interests of the country.

THE ESSEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY hold their next Show at Braintree. The town gives 300*l.* for prizes, the President of the Society 50 guineas, Mr. Simpson 10*l.* for Jerseys, Colonel Wilson 5*l.* for Jerseys, Mr. W. Gibley 26*l.* for cart stallions, and Mr. Parker 10*l.* for shorthorn heifers.

THE ENGLISH CART HORSE SOCIETY have received 200 entries for the Show which opens at the Agricultural Hall on the last day of the present month. About a half of this number will be offered for sale on the 2nd March. This useful Society ought to receive more support than it does at present.

THE GLASGOW STALLION SHOW will be a small one, the number of entries being a diminution of ten from last year. The neglect of useful horse-breeding is as much to be regretted in Scotland as "down South." Foreign Governments make great exertions to encourage horse-breeding, but the efforts of our own Administration have yet to be heard of.

THE SHROPSHIRE CART HORSE ASSOCIATION is a body which has recently come into existence. The details of the Association's rules and the advantages thereof are too technical for reproduction here; but the Association itself is one to be welcomed, and we hope other counties will follow the example of the western shire.

FARMERS AND CHEESE.—English farmers do not make as much money as they ought out of cheese, and we certainly hope that at least all the so-called "pastoral" counties will follow the lead of Cheshire, which has established cheese fairs at regular and frequent periods, so that a farmer can take a half-ton or ton of cheese and sell it just when it is ready, and before it has lost much weight in keeping. This system brings producers and consumers nearer together than they were before. The retailers have hitherto been able to buy only American cheese just when they wanted it, a convenience which has had not a little to do with the universal consumption of American cheese in this country. In Cheshire "Marry your daughters young and sell your cheese often" was a proverb when our grandfathers were boys. We are therefore only returning to older wisdom and experience when we advocate weekly or fortnightly cheese markets in all our county towns.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Another change at Cirencester. Professor Scott, the Lecturer on Agriculture, has resigned, and Mr. Herbert Little succeeds him. Good men both of them, but the latter the best, by reason of the good health which has been most unfortunately denied Mr. Scott.—The resignation by Lord Brabourne of his seat on the Farmers' Alliance marks the severance of Whig or moderate Liberal interests from what has now become an almost exclusively Radical body.—Professor Axe has recently delivered a lecture on diseases of goats. It should be obtained by those who keep that animal, for it is the fullest *exposé* of the subject we have yet met with.



THE FEARNEUX FRAUDS.—The Government have taken up the prosecution of the accomplished lady who is charged with such an extraordinary series of frauds and forgeries. The case is one of great complexity, and is exciting a good deal of curiosity, especially in Birmingham, where the Police Court was literally besieged on the occasion of her appearance before the magistrates on Thursday week, and again on Thursday, when, however, the proceedings were merely formal, a week's remand being ordered in both cases. A written confession, somewhat vague and contradictory, has been found amongst the immense mass of papers seized by the police, and it is now clear that some at least of the persons who complained of having been ruined by the accused have in reality benefited considerably by their connection with her. It is said that further arrests are about to be made, and that when the lady appears again in the dock several of her accomplices will be charged with her.

THE ALLEGED THEFT OF FRENCH BONDS.—The five foreigners, who were charged with being in suspicious possession of French Rentes supposed to have been stolen from Paris, were brought up on remand on Tuesday, when it was urged on their behalf that no offence had been committed within our jurisdiction, as the robbery had not taken place in this country. Mr. Alderman Lawrence, however, swept aside this technical plea, and sent two of the accused to hard labour for two months for "unlawful possession," discharging the other three as there was not sufficient evidence against them. Notice of appeal was given.

ALLEGED LIBEL IN THE "WORLD."—In the Queen's Bench Division, the other day, Lord Coleridge and a special jury were occupied for some time with an action brought by a Mr. Conybeare against Mr. Yates for an alleged libellous article in the *World*, in which, referring to a scheme for the reconstruction of an American Railway Company, the plaintiff was alluded to as a "cross-grained and ill-conditioned splutterer." The defendant had paid one shilling into Court as damages for any excess in the article, which he pleaded was privileged, and in substance true; and the jury found a verdict in his favour, remarking that they thought the shilling rather too much. His lordship concurred, allowing the defendant his costs, and ordering speedy execution to mark his sense of the unreasonable character of the action.

ELECTIONEERING "COLOURS."—At the Poole County Court a lindenraper named Harris sought to recover from a medical practitioner of the town 9*l.* 10*s.*, being part of an amended claim of 76*l.* for ribbons, rosettes, and colours supplied at the last General Election. The Liberal candidate had originally been sued for 112*l.*, but as it was not proved that either he or his agents had given the order it was held that he was not liable. The present defendant was then sued, as having given orders for the articles; but this he denied. The judge held that, under the Corrupt Practices Act, the claim was illegal, and that plaintiff, against whom he gave judgment, had laid himself open to a fine of 2*l.*

THE REVOLVER AGAIN.—The other day, while two persons were standing talking in Shepherdess Walk, City Road, a butcher named Collins, who lived close by, came up and offered them a drink of whisky from his flask, and on one of them declining, on the ground that he was a teetotaler, he remarked that he stood no nonsense, as he belonged to a boxing society, and forthwith knocked him down. He got up, and was about to return the blow, when Collins drew a revolver, and fired, the bullet passing through his clothes close to his body. Collins was immediately arrested, and a second loaded pistol, as well as the revolver, was taken from him. He has been committed for trial for shooting with intent to do grievous bodily harm, and we hope will be severely dealt with.

BATTUE SHOOTING was very severely condemned by Mr. Commissioner Kerr in dealing the other day with a dispute as to the amount to be paid for twelve days' shooting. He held the litigants to the strict legal interpretation of their agreement, and refused to allow costs on either side, saying that it was shocking that men should drive wretched creatures into a corner and then massacre them. He would never believe that gentlemen would shoot unfortunate pheasants which were put into a covert and then hunted out by dogs, and he thought that it might not be a bad thing if the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were called to the matter. The remark that Queen's Counsel, military officers, Members of Parliament, and other persons of distinction, including the Prince of Wales, indulged in this kind of sport, only elicited the retort that what had been said applied to all, whether high or low.

THE WIMBLEDON POISONING CASE.—The trial of Dr. Lamson, which was to have commenced on Monday next at the Central Criminal Court, has, by arrangement between Mr. Justice Hawkins and the Attorney General, been put back on the list, so that it shall not come on until Monday, the 6th prox.

THE FATAL PRIZE FIGHT.—At the Warwick Assizes the Wishaw prize-fighters, Carney, Hodgkiss, Bagnall, Price, and Brown, were convicted of the manslaughter of James Highland, who died after fighting sixty-four rounds with Carney. Carney was sentenced to six and the others to four months' imprisonment, and Mr. Justice Baggallay remarking that prize-fights were not exhibitions of strength and skill, but riotous, disgusting, and degrading exhibitions, said that any future offence of the kind would be much more severely dealt with.

THE BRAGGE COLLECTION OF PIPES is to be broken up. This is a pity, because its completeness is its chief value and attraction, and it is quite certain that a similar collection of objects of such great ethnographic, historic, and artistic interest will never be gathered together again. The British Museum authorities have secured the ethnographic sections, and a certain number of curious specimens will, we understand, be placed in one of our chief provincial museums; whilst the remainder of the series is being disposed of piecemeal to private purchasers. It is a matter of some surprise that the officials at South Kensington have not made any acquisitions, in spite of the fact that very many of the pipes and kindred objects are of great artistic beauty. So far as we are informed, indeed, they have not interested themselves in the subject at all. It may be that such seeming trifles as pipes and snuff-boxes, and tobacco jars, and other apparatus associated with the soothing weed in all parts of the world from prehistoric periods to the present time, are not thought to be worth notice at the head centre of Art in England; but if this is the case, all we can say is that a mere glance round the collection is quite sufficient to convince an intelligent mind that an unfortunate mistake has been made, for very many of the objects are of high excellence as regards both design and workmanship. The incident is but another added to the list that proves more and more emphatically every year the need of some kind of common-sense control in such matters. It seems one of the absurdest of British anomalies that the value and interest of a remarkable collection should be seriously and irretrievably reduced, not to say wholly destroyed, because the proper State authorities have not the enterprise or the power to buy the whole at a fair price.

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An Address by Dr. W. B. Richardson, F.R.S., &c., &c., at the Ladies' Sanitary Association.

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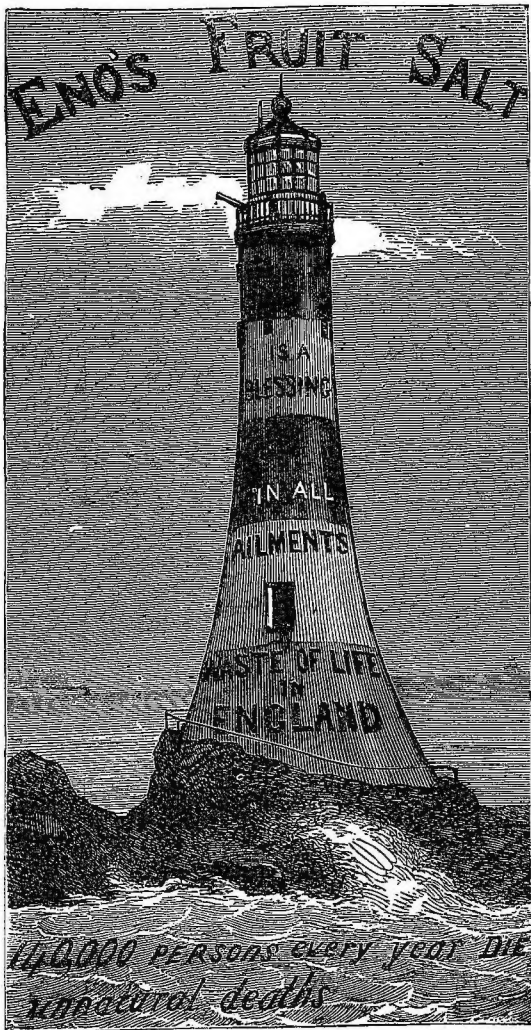
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Notwithstanding its medical value, the FRUIT SALT must be looked upon as essential as breathing fresh air, or as a simple and safe beverage under all circumstances, and may be taken as a sparkling and refreshing draught in the same way as lemonade, soda water, potash water, &c., only it is much cheaper and better in every sense of the term to an unlimited extent. The FRUIT SALT acts as simply yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world. It has a natural action on the organs of digestion, absorption, circulation, respiration, secretion, and excretion, and removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health.



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"Clifton Down Hotel, Gloucestershire, February 10, 1881.
"Sir,—having travelled a great deal in my life, and having suffered a great deal from poisoned blood and loss of appetite, I was induced by a friend to use your WORLD-FAMED FRUIT SALT. I was immediately relieved, and am once more hale and healthy. I shall never be without a bottle again on my travels. I am too pleased to repay you in some way for your wonderful invention by giving you full use of my testimony to the above.
"Sir, I am yours gratefully,
"Dr. J. HANSON, M.A.

TORPID LIVER.

"Thornhill, Hampshire, March, 1881.
"For three years I have suffered from an enlarged and torpid liver; could not sleep on either side, digestion bad; in fact, my whole system was out of repair. I tried all the German waters to no effect; and after great suffering for three years, the use of ENO'S FRUIT SALT was suggested to me, and I am happy and thankful to be able to state that, after three months' use of your Fruit Salt, at bedtime and in the morning, I am perfectly restored to my usual robust health. Again I thank you for your infallible discovery.
"H. M. DILLON, J. P."

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